TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME IV — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1927 — NUMBER 17

Talks on Criticism

III

"GOOD FOR WHAT?"

THERE are two letters of complaint that every literary editor and critic knows. Says the first, How can you recommend, or allow to be recommended, such saccharine slush, such sentimental nonsense, such fluent triviality as Priscilla Alden's book, which I see a misguided public has already purchased to the extent of thirty thousand copies? The author of the second takes a different line: Why do you advocate that unpleasant and morally deleterious novel by Thomas Brown? What good can it do any reader? How can it contribute to the enhancement of life, or the appreciation of true values in living, or that imaginative sympathy with fine characters which makes reading profitable? With all its faults, a book that you have strangely neglected, by Priscilla Alden, is . . . . !

Well, my dear correspondents, says the literary editor, you will never please each other, that is certain, for you differ not only in critical opinion but in taste, and I shall probably never satisfy either of you unless I am prepared to admit to B (who wants to be happy) that realism is never its own justification, and to A (who does not) that sentiment is always sentimental, neither of which I am willing to concede.

* * *

And yet the righteous B (who wants to be happy) raises a question which is repeated in an age of realism like this one not merely by moralists and idealists, but by psychologists and sociologists also. What good, they say, comes from belittling books like those of Sinclair Lewis? What use is a sympathetic portrait of a rascal of genius such as Feuchtwanger's "Power"? What value is the morbid psychology of a colony of invalids such as Thomas Mann's "Magic Mountain"? In a community seeking the good life and constantly falling below it, there is need for books that strengthen, not weaken, good living, books that encourage the good will and portray characters worth knowing and worth following. No one writes sociology to show how the world can become more rotten. No psychologist studies diseases of the brain in order to spread them. In histories, the decline of civilizations is analyzed in terms of regret, for an age which proposes to go forward, not backward.

And note that this argument against cynical novels, stories of mean characters, exposures of sexual corruption, psychologies of villainy or weakness, is not an argument for novels with a moral. The objectors do not insist that stories should teach a lesson—they criticize only what they think is a false or a useless emphasis. They object to Dreiser's "American Tragedy," to Anderson's "Dark Laughter," to the sexually morbid heroine of "Dusty Answer," and to the fine-spun sophistication of Proust, because they do not believe the subjects of the books worth all the fuss about them, or because they think the aspects of human nature revealed are unworthy of art. These books (they say) are not good books, because they are good for no one, good for nothing.

The controversy turns upon the meaning of the adjective *good*. What *is* good for us in a book? For only the perverse will insist that a book which is not good for readers in some sense is still a good book.

But *good* has a different meaning in every generation. This decade, or at least those who call themselves modernists in this decade, has accepted the Nietzschean doctrine that whatever makes for greater intensity of living is good for us. Dull life is bad life. High pressure living has some good in it, whatever disasters it may lead toward. This idea is implicit in much modern literature and modern art. It is explicit in nervous living, excessive transportation, strenuosity, in the way in which nine-tenths of the race (including most of those who object to realistic novels) actually live. Edna St. Vincent Millay means it when she writes "I had rather be quick than dead" quite as much as when she confessed to burning her candle at both ends. Jazz means it, modern business means it, modern science feeds it everywhere and is based entirely upon the thesis that the control of nature is desirable in itself, no matter what terrible things we do with what we get.

And our literary taste has been changing also—not necessarily for the better. It synchronizes with our philosophy of living. Hence the answer to Correspondent B is a simple one. You say, what good do these books do? None, if good to you means what good did to Milton or Matthew Arnold. Much, if good means an intensity of life; for it is an evident stimulus to living to know life in all its corners, the swept and the unswept, the front hall and the family closet.

The moral of all this for criticism (criticism

(*Continued on next page*)

The Wisdom of the World

By SIEGFRIED SASSOON

THE wisdom of the world is this; to say
"There is
No other wisdom but to gulp what time can give" . . .
To guard no inward vision winged with mysteries;
To hear no voices haunt the hurrying hours we live;
To keep no faith with ghostly friends; never to know
Vigils of sorrow crowned when loveless passions fade . . .
From wisdom such as this to find my gloom I go,
Companioned by those powers who keep me unafraid.

This Week

"Woodrow Wilson: Life and Letters." Reviewed by *Edward Parker Davis, M.D.*

"The Ivory Door," and "If." Reviewed by *Oliver M. Sayler.*

"The Silent Force." Reviewed by *Bernard De Voto.*

Mr. Moon's Notebook. By *William Rose Benét.*

"My Heart and My Flesh." Reviewed by *Allan Nevins.*

"Men Without Women." Reviewed by *Lee Wilson Dodd.*

"The Water Is Wide." Reviewed by *Ernest Sutherland Bates.*

In Geneva. III. By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

"Trinc" and "The Tall Men." Reviewed by *Stephen Vincent Benét.*

The Short Story

By RUTH SUCKOW

FIRST of all—there is no such thing.

Why add to that statement? Especially when the title of this article at once suggests the most tiresome, hackneyed subject in the whole range of American literature! Because, while there is no fact, there is a great myth, a huge bug-a-boo, an enormous assumption; and this assumption has become one of the fundamental doctrines of American fiction. Contemporary writing is full of heresies against It. It no longer rules the young talent of this country. It never did rule the best talent, of course—no airtight doctrine ever does. But it still dominates the greater part of the magazines, the schools, and the reading public, and in spite of vigorous heresies, I am not at all sure that it is losing its hold. I ought to say that it dominates the market. Perhaps I ought to have said that first.

I am not going to add to my preliminary statement, however, by knocking down one dogma and setting up another, as is the usual method in the discussion of any form of art. "I know that you believe that The Short Story is not this but that," has often been said to me. I believe nothing of the kind. Because I myself write short stories of a certain type does not in the least mean to me that that is the way in which all short stories must be written—it means simply that I have found it the way best suited to my own intention. I admit a preference but not a theory. It seems unprofitable to me to attack one type of short story for the benefit of another. It is definition and formulæ themselves that I deny: the generalization of the specific. The definition formulated by Mr. Edgar Allan Poe defined *a* short story very well—the special kind of short story, of course, which he himself was bent upon writing. The trouble came when it was utilized to define *the* short story. As soon as any *a* is inflated into a *the* it becomes a menace to art. The doctrine of The Short Story has had, does have, a blighting influence upon the production of short stories in America.

* * *

In tracing the origin of this great myth, when it is admitted to be a myth, it is customary to blame Poe, or O. Henry, or Guy de Maupassant, or the schools, or the popular magazines. That seems to me short-sighted. Poe put into print a definition, O. Henry made out a pattern, Maupassant set a standard, the schools distilled from these a creed, and the magazines utilized the creed to catch and keep their trade. But these definitions and patterns were there to be taken or left. No one writer can force his methods upon an unwilling public. He is a fool if he cares to do so, except as they relate to his own stories. They were taken because they answered a demand; and the origin of this demand lies at the very root of our American culture.

The myth of The Short Story is not confined to America, yet I believe that only in American literature has the doctrine been exalted into a creed. We speak of The English Short Story, The Russian Short Story, but these are only loose generalizations; and we are quite as likely to refer to The Short Story in France as to The French Short Story. Sometimes, in fact, we loosen up to the extent of merely saying French Short Stories. We do not say that all these stories *must* be so and so—only that they pretty generally appear to be so and so. But our *the* in America is hard-shell doctrine. It has been put into the schools, like the Salute to the Flag. We hold it proudly, because we entertain the fallacy that America is the land of The Short Story, without too much dangerous inquiry into the possibility of its being merely the land of the definition of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Short Story. We point to the number of our fiction-publishing magazines as proof. Well, they do prove—something. We hold it so proudly also because it is just about the only definition that we have.

The rigidity of the definition is usually charged to the commercialization of popular magaines. That may explain its persistence, but not, I think, its origin. Many of the magazines themselves have been by-products of the definition. They owe their existence to The Short Story, and they have shown themselves very properly grateful. Commercialization does not explain even the persistence of the definition in the schools, outside of those "courses in The Short Story" that deal in marketable patterns with price-tag attached. It grew out of an aspiration and was held as an ideal. But, like most American ideals, it has been found a very profitable means of making money, preserving prosperity, and keeping the young people in line. The sardonic note seldom lacking in American humor is added by the fact that it was formulated by the chief literary rebel of his day. Its present conception is very remote from that original conception, as is the way with ideals and dogma. Other prophets and practitioners have added their bits. But it was Poe, struggling for precision, originality, and the perfection of accomplishment in the chaos of early American literature, who gave those very formalists and esthetic toadies who were his enemies the means of limiting the one vigorous native expression of American life in fiction and making all succeeding originality a cultural, artistic, and commercial sin.

It was the chaos, the unevenness, the diversity of American life that made short stories such a natural artistic expression in the first place. Roving, unsettled, restless, unassimilated, here and gone again—a chaos so huge, a life so varied and so multitudinous that its meaning could be caught only in fragments, perceived only by will-o'-the-wisp gleams, preserved only in tiny pieces of perfection. It was the first eager, hasty way of snatching little treasures of art from the great abundance of unused, uncomprehended material. Short stories were a way of making America intelligible to itself.

Within this chaos, two factions were and are forever struggling, both for an ideal which they call by the same name, each with an opposing conviction of the means of attainment. The ideal is called American culture, American art. Both struggle for standards. But one faction seeks to bring in these standards from the outside, the other to develop them from within. One is colonial-minded, and the other national-minded. One is very timid, and the other recklessly brave. Short stories are about the only form of literature in America which did not have their origin in England—as a form, that is, not a variation. There was, therefore, no external, ready-made standard to be applied to them. Poe, an originator even though a classicist, in the very fierceness of his originality was impelled to state his own standard as well as to write his own stories. He did so partly because nobody but himself believed in it. In this manner, Poe, the original artist, became the originator of the barren negation of original art that goes under the heading of The Short Story.

* * *

Poor hounded, discredited, thoroughly unrespectable Poe! I think that even his monstrous craving for power would have been daunted by the spectacle of the awful success of his own struggle. He gave American art a standard indeed. With tragic eagerness, the formalists who hate all that he stood for, flocked to it, upheld it, and declared it to be hereafter the law. Poe, being an artist, had a shop interest in method. What he wrote outside his own poems and his own stories was nearly all shop talk. His definition, therefore, was largely on the side of method, which, of course, was what formalists wanted. It enabled them to say, not : A short story *is* so and so; but, The Short Story *does* so and so. They knew, from the sacred book of English literature, what was poetry and what was prose, what constituted style, what was an epic and a lyric and a drama. But they did not know just what a short story was. Short stories, for many years, were only a sort of off-shoot from the main branch of English fiction, spare-time stuff in fact, with little dignity. Our cultured gentlemen had heard of tales, but not exactly of short stories. I doubt if they would have permitted an American to make a definition of a tale. Because of their own fundamental uncertainty in the field of art, they grasped at superficial certainties which they called "technique". Here was a form of American art, and the rules came with it! Now we could go on repeating and repeating forever and forever, at the same time being original and not derivative, because we were using an original form of American art. It was another bonanza.

In fact, the avidity with which American literary men rushed to The Short Story, and the childlike trust with which they have clung, always make me think of another piece of art very popular in America. It is a chromo, and it is called "The Rock of Ages." A very pure maiden in robes of white is clinging to a perfectly inexplicable and unreasonable cross in the midst of a raging sea, and in the completeness of her faith her brow is untroubled, her eyes are closed to the stormy waters. "Simply to the cross I cling."

* * *

So The Short Story, useful primarily as an esthetic method of dealing with diversity, multiplicity, and newness, soon became the chief tool in the standardization of American literature. For standardization itself grows out of the consciousness of variety. It is a hasty gloss applied deceptively to the surface of unevenness. The Short Story was the one form of American literature actually accepted by our schools on its own merit, but it never would have been accepted without definition. The definition also accounts largely for its commercial success. It is a known commodity. It is sure fire.

Because this is our one little lonely definition in the field of art, we Americans have cherished it with jealous tenacity. We have looked at interesting importations, but we have been able to discredit them at once, saying in the simplest manner: They are not Short Stories. In this way, we have pretty well kept the disturbing Chekov out of our schools. For our professors all know Art even when they do not know what they like. They are unable to enjoy a short story without first definitely ascertaining that is The Short Story. There are various ways in which this can be done. One is by scholarly analysis of technique to make certain that plot, climax, and an ending are all there. But this is a slow, plodding, patient way. Professors are willing to go through with it, but editors really do not have the time for it. So writers, for their benefit, tack on an introduction. Such a reassuring start as: "This is going to be a story," will put nearly any troubled editor at ease; especially if the writer is careful to continue for a few lines: "The story of Stephen Harbison, of Harbison and—The Woman." Who, then, can doubt what is to follow?

* * *

All editors are not so sure as all professors that they know Art. Some of them even scorn to know it. But they know craftsmanship. That is a little different from technique—not quite so highfalutin. Craftsmanship consists in using the technical equipment of beginning, ending, plot, and climax in a slick manner to slap the simple elements of hackneyed fiction into a semblance of The Short Story. College courses in The Short Story teach technique; but correspondence courses teach only craftsmanship. That is really all that is needed to tell the folks how he and she got together this time.

So all our great wealth of raw material, year after year, goes into the big machines called courses, is rolled out, stamped flat, the pattern whacked down upon it, and turned into the market. The machine can be pretty well guaranteed to transform any idea into a commodity. It can also be guaranteed to change freshness into staleness, flavor into insipidity, truth of intention into semi-truth, native finish into gloss—a short story into The Short Story.

No, not all of our material. A great deal of it stays outside the definition. Still more of it begins outside and then, by means of a beginning or an ending or the distortion called plot, is brought within the fold. Otherwise, it gets slim pickings, and this in spite of the number of magazines publishing fiction in America. When a short story, fresh in treatment, unconventional in subject matter, far above the average in excellence was lately published in a magazine long established and devoted to culture, it was the occasion of a whole literary column of triumph in a New York newspaper and of a sort of manifesto, of apologia, on the part of the magazine editor. In the face of all the new and vigorous magazines that have lately been founded on a basis other than the blatantly commercial, I believe that the pickings are getting slimmer. For the place of fiction in our "better grade" magazine is shrinking. They have all become really serious!—all turned to the larger issues of controversy and instruction so relished by Americans, and away again from the piddling little arts. Soon the short stories in our more serious magazines will be reduced to the rank of fillers. An art does not stand loss of dignity much better than it stands being crammed into a pattern. Even now, our young American writers are driven to expedients. They get out thin little magazines each devoted to a single cult. They publish volumes of their own. They go abroad and renounce America. Or they submit to the tricks, saying that art must be democratic or that Shakespeare used a formula or that the purpose of fiction is amusement, and help to keep up the farce. If America continues to be the land of The Short Story, it will ultimately lose its short stories.

Yet I believe that this dogma held as an artistic creed is more blighting, futile, and deadly than when held as a commercial creed. Certainly it is more hide-bound. Trade, after all, has an eye to the market, and when the market changes, it is willing to change its commodities. Its creed is a utility, not a religion. The Short Story in America! An abstraction blindly erected in the very face of American short stories themselves—the stories of Stephen Crane, Sarah Orne Jewett, Willa Cather, Theodore Dreiser, Ring Lardner, all enjoyed, yet with fear and trembling, because of what they may do to The Short Story! The whole creed is founded upon another pathetic fallacy. Upon several fallacies, in fact. The fallacy that art and science can be united at the very point where essentially they differ. And beyond these, the colossal assumption that any form of art, or all art, is moving toward a millenium which will be brought by a savior in the form of a master, a method, or a movement.

All discussions of art on the basis of "the" are thoroughly unprofitable. "The lyric." "The novel of the future." "The new poetry." "The Great Tradition." I never meet any of these "the's" without wanting to say "Boo!" to its pretentions. Of him that sets forth its dogma I feel that I must inquire gently, "And who are you, my little man?" As a speculation, they are endurable. They may be interesting when accepted with salt. But as soon as I come to—"the novel of the future will deal only with—"I throw away the article. The novel of the future will deal with whatever it pleases in any manner that comes to hand.

"The Short Story" is the worst of the lot. In its pathetic foolishness it offers a master key to beauty. It presupposes that form is an iron mould and not a living organism; that beauty is a rule and not an effect. If that effect is poignant, deep, and lasting, then the right means have been used, no matter what they may be—even plot, climax, and an ending! If it is not so, who cares about the means, anyway? . . . Short stories?—A running commentary upon life; fireflies in the dark; questions and answers; fragments, or small and finished bits of beauty; whatever, in fact, their author has the power to make of them. . . . But The Short Story?—A fundamental stupidity.

Talks on Criticism

(*Continued from preceding page*)

may have morals if novels may not) is perhaps to cease asking misdirected questions. If mere life for the sake of living is a major good for many, naturally, books will be written to satisfy the craving to know life inside and out. They will be good for some readers, if not for others. The critic's question, therefore, must be, not why should they be written, for the answer to that is obvious, but is their particular good meritorious. As works of art do they gain or lose by specializing in the mean, the weak, the abnormal, and the defeated? This is a fair question. For the age may be wrong in its sense of values. Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free may not refer to germs, complexes, dynamics, and eugenics. Both human wishes and literary realism may be on a side track that points toward an ultimate ditch.

However that may be, it is essential to know what is being criticized before beginning criticism. And here, as so often, the nigger in the woodpile is a philosophy of living. You must wrestle with that question before you write down Shallow an Ass because he does not write books to your liking.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Early Years

WOODROW WILSON: LIFE AND LETTERS. By RAY STANNARD BAKER. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1927. 2 vols. $10.

Reviewed by EDWARD PARKER DAVIS, M.D.
Classmate and personal physician to Woodrow Wilson

IN Tennyson's "Becket" occurs the line, "Men are God's trees; women are God's flowers." In the wooden forest of humanity, how came one tree to grow so large?

This biography offers difficulties for its writer. The publishers announce "the biography of incommensurable stature." Five tons of records were available; five tons of grapes went to his wine press, what will be the wine? The biographer reassures us that while he might have written fifty volumes, he writes four; although a friend and admirer of his subject, he avoids superlatives. He quotes Ludwig in his "Napoleon," "A man explains himself better than others can." He aims to set forth the man himself. His method is not the most modern. We are told nothing of the endocrinology of the Wilsons and Woodrows, he attempts no Freudian psychoanalysis. Modern psychology concedes the existence of a spiritual entity concerning which it knows nothing; it accounts for phenomena commonly known as mental by the anatomy and physiology of the nervous system. How interesting to a modern psychologist would have been the condition of the dendrones, neurones, axones, and synapses of Wilson's brain during critical periods of his career; what were his conditioned reflexes? but all this we are spared.

Heredity and environment are now considered of equal importance in the development of the individual. With the exception of Jackson, Wilson was less an American by descent, than any other President. His Scotch-Irish progenitors had been in the country a comparatively short time, he remained essentially Scotch-Irish. His environment in his early life was that of intensive mental and spiritual stimulation. There was no systematic attempt at common education, he learned his letters at nine. His father's method of teaching was by the spoken word, there was no systematic and thorough physical training. While a boy he organized the "Lightfoot Club" and began his career as a leader. The War of 'sixty-one found him a child and his attitude of mind was "not to justify or condemn, but to comprehend it."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

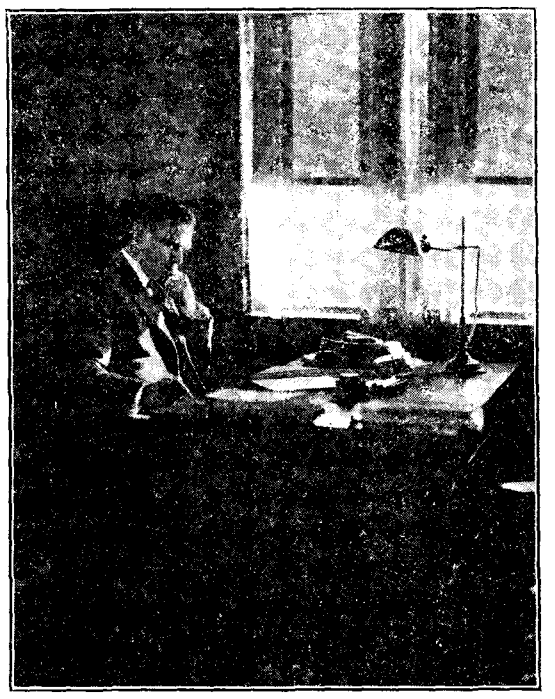
Adolescent at sixteen, he commanded his own development. Although an adolescent is least capable of forming a balanced judgment concerning so important a matter as personal religion, he was thoroughly inoculated with the subtleties of Presbyterian theology. This formed an attitude which he describes as that of "humble superiority," predestined he thought himself for great accomplishment. At Davidson College he withdrew still more into his own mind, but the association of father and son became more intimate. Again his health was failing and the physical was neglected. It is a tribute to the straight grain and toughness of fiber of Wilson's nature, that he survived his early intensive and hot-house education. After he left the White House, he was fond of referring to his father's instruction. If one made a statement he was called upon for its authority; when the conversation at a meal became unusually interesting, so many books were brought that the dining room looked more like a library than a dining room. It is interesting to compare Wilson's background in his first period of development, with that of Washington. How great might have been the advantage to Wilson if he had had the out-door life, the physical training, the broad and liberal cultivation which gave to Washington the splendid poise so valuable in his later life.

If Wilson found himself spiritually at adolescence, he came to himself mentally when a student at Princeton. He was poorly prepared for the curriculum and largely indifferent to it. His education remained essentially in his own hands. He was a leader in debate, in writing, in oratory. He joined no athletic association and although a good singer, did not join the Glee Club. "Whig Hall" a so-called secret society for debate, was his especial arena. He was one of a committee to revise its constitution and found that James Madison had preceded him in its formation. He organized a Literary Club for debate, was most companionable and highly respected. He chose a circle of friends (largely composed of men rooming in his building) who became his intimates; had it been put to a vote of the Class, the Class would unanimously have endorsed his choice; they were among our best. These friendships were terminated only by death. Wilson's ideal was statesmanship and statesmen. He had great fondness for England, its political system, its statesmen, its literature. He began those studies of the Government of these United States in comparison with that of England which afterward developed into some of his most famous writings.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Wilson's development cannot be appreciated without comparing the Princeton of fifty years ago with modern University education. The Class of 'seventy-nine numbered about one hundred and twenty, the whole student body not much over six hundred in the College of New Jersey. The College was dominated by McCosh who was entirely unjust in his discipline, irascible, intensely human, with a strong clear mind and a vivid apprehension of truth. We loved to tease him but we had great fondness for him. The angel of the College was Mrs. Jimmie, so-called. There was no infirmary, but if a student fell ill, Mrs. McCosh mothered him until his recovery.

Physical science was brilliantly represented by Young in Astronomy and Brackett in Physics. Young had looked so long at the stars that the starlight shone perpetually in his eyes; he had spent so many hours alone in the presence of God that reverence was habitual, and no one was long in his presence without being influenced by him. Brackett was keenly alive to the fact that matter is conditioned by living force and the phrase "dead



RAY STANNARD BAKER
Author of "Woodrow Wilson: Life and Letters."

matter" aroused him to intense anger. These men set forth physical science with such compelling earnestness and brilliancy that they influenced us all powerfully. We were an unsophisticated lot, there were no motors, no telephones, no radios, no airplanes; much of our recreation was in walking about the surrounding country, and men formed intimate friendships in these walks. There were no club buildings and only small and primitive clubs. We were not consulted about the curriculum, but care was taken to give us religious teaching in compulsory attendance at Chapel twice daily. We received our spiritual sulphur and molasses in regular and considerable doses, the amount of sulphur varying with the theological views and individual peculiarities of the preacher. The reviewer would not suggest for a moment that the university environment of today is inferior to that of fifty years ago, but it is different. In a lecture by one of the chiefs of the Department of Politics, during last winter's session, setting forth the scope of his departmental study, the words statesmanship and statesman, were not uttered. At present students do not gather in the early evening in their rooms for earnest discussion, but frequent the room of the man having the best radio where over their cigarettes they listen to dinner orchestras and musical performances in cities. Compulsory Chapel is fast disappearing and we were greatly pitied by students of the present when they learned that in our day most of us remained in Princeton over Sunday; it seemed to them an unpardonable hardship. However the older environment may have been lacking, it favored individual development and friendships between individuals.

At the University of Virginia Wilson studied law because he considered law as a stepping-stone to a political career. He worked vigorously, sang, practiced oratory, thought that "tolerance was of little worth in politics," and delivered a fine oration on Bright. He was obliged to intermit his studies because of ill health. His emotional development was intense, his likes and dislikes vivid; he was refused in love by a cousin; thought Disraeli "an old fox," studied English politics, would not decorate soldiers graves lest hatred be perpetuated. He shortened his name to Woodrow Wilson.

We hear much of his suffering from dyspepsia. Modern medicine considers dyspepsia as a symptom only, obviously an over-loaded stomach may cause pain, but chronic and frequent distress in this region is but a symptom of a grave underlying condition. Had Wilson been subjected then to a modern examination and his exercise, diet, and mode of life been properly regulated, how much he might have been spared.

As a lawyer he considered law "a branch of political science." With his partner Renick at Atlanta, they lived largely upon hope. Wilson's only important client was his mother. He spoke to the Tariff Commission when they visited Atlanta, pointing out the error of a high protective tariff. He organized a House of Commons for debate and was admitted to the Bar October 19th, 1882; one visit to the Legislature sufficed to disgust him with it.

Disapproving of law as practiced, he abandoned it and went to Johns Hopkins for further study. In September 'eighty-three he became engaged to Ellen Axson. She was lovely in person, charming, with marked artistic ability, and devoted to him. They married in 1885; she protected him throughout her life and never did man need more the strengthening and protecting influence of woman's love. For thirty years when opportunity arose, they conducted an ideal correspondence. In her last illness she would not leave him although her life might have been somewhat prolonged by so doing, and her last words to those about her were to guard and protect him.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

At Johns Hopkins his ambition was to influence the nation for good by public spirited statesmanship through education and literature and non-partisan agencies. He chose his own method, studying history, political science, and constitutional government. He held that "history was past politics and politics present history." His practice in oratory was continued. He enjoyed public speaking but developed a sense of power best when speaking to men collectively; he was less successful in addressing an individual. So far as his religious views were concerned, "discussion was adjourned." He was always liberal, a modernist; through the inherent soundness of his nature, he personally made the essentials of religion his own.

He wrote "Congressional Government" a remarkable book, the first of its kind at that time, which gave him immediate reputation. Like Thomas Jefferson he wrote from a clearly defined point of view, recognizing the defects in our system of government, which afterward defeated his own efforts. He greatly rejoiced in Cleveland's administration; his life at Johns Hopkins was most successful. He left without his Ph.D. which he afterward took by presenting his book on Congressional Government as his thesis, and submitting to examination. He greatly overworked and during the greater part of his life sacrificed his body relentlessly in the service of his mind.

From twenty-nine to fifty-four he was struggling to perfect himself in those studies which would best fit him for leadership and using his career as educator, lecturer, and writer as a means. As the biographer well remarks, Wilson spent fifty-four years in preparation, ten years in living, and three years in dying. Although frail physically, there was no mental weakness; he had a sound constitution and power of recuperation which became evident during his first years in the White House. He had been warned by physicians that his days were to be comparatively few. A distinguished authority whom he consulted abroad, took his blood pressure and said, "Professor Wilson, if American Professors are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as well as you are physically, there will be few vacancies in the next few years."

When Wilson entered the White House he was solicitous lest he could not physically do the work. He was assured that he could, was given a definite system of food and out-door exercise, took up golf, and gained in weight and strength until the burden of the War fell upon him. He was accustomed to say that even the duties of the Presidency were not excessive provided the President devoted his strength to the legitimate duties of his office and did not waste time and energy on office seekers and in social functions.

The intermediate years as an educator were spent first at Bryn Mawr, September 1885. His first salary was $1,500; he taught history, and one of his classes consisted of one girl. The institution was new, the faculty earnest, thoroughly modern, enthusiastic teachers. He began the "State" and with his wife studied German that they might consult authorities. He paid a notable visit to Boston where he was warmly received. His idea was to form a band of young men to study the conditions of the government and to shape public opinion. He wrote upon politics and outlined the League of Nations. His family life at this period was ideal; although having little money, he extended hospitality, and found the greatest happiness in the affection of his wife and children, but he welcomed a call to Wesleyan where he was 1888-1890. There we find him organizing a House of Commons which became popular. Although he did not play football, he appeared at a critical moment on the football field and cheered the Wesleyan team to victory. He published the "State." His religious experience became broader and deeper; he was profoundly moved by Moody and his personal presence. It is remembered of him at Wesleyan that on one occasion at Chapel he offered an extempore prayer which moved all who heard it. Wesleyan he thought a "delightful place to work, but not sufficiently stimulating." The first volume closes with his work at Wesleyan.

* * *

It may not be amiss to consider what of his early life he most vividly recollected; his three years after leaving the White House afforded his best opportunity for reminiscence. The paternal element in his education remained paramount. He would tell of having written something in his boyhood, which he thought was good, and his father after reading it would say, "My son, I have read what you wrote, what did you mean?" He always referred with pleasure to getting the key of his father's church on a week day, and declaiming from the pulpit oratorical passages. The writings of Walter Bagehot were second only to Bright. Some student songs lingered in his mind and on a Sunday in June, 1917, the President and his wife, Admiral and Mrs. Grayson, and a classmate went down the Potomac on the *Sylph*. The President took with him papers he wished to examine undisturbed. During the evening, while sitting in the stern of the vessel, the President suggested that some of the familiar hymns be sung, and then asked his classmate if he could recall one which the fellows were accustomed to sing on the campus at Princeton on summer evenings; it had a tenor part especially adapted for him. The principal words were:

> When peace like a river o'er floweth my soul
> And doubts like a shadow are gone,
> It is well, it is well with my soul.

Was he hoping that he might fulfil his lifelong ambition to bring about a world peace which would overflow the earth like a river?

His collection of limericks, his matching of jokes with any one conversing with him, were delightful. Never was college student, young man, or teacher, more universally liked by his associates. His basis of friendship was affection without regard to advantage; and as time went on and he dealt with many men, he trusted only those who were true to him without personal interest. In his Presidency he used his high office to advance none of his early intimate personal friends, they remained in private life. This had something to do with the statement of his enemies that he had no intimate friends, for their names were not in the public print.

A study of this period of development in Wilson and that of Napoleon as set forth by Ludwig, suggests to the reviewer similarities. Napoleon, the man of destiny, by a statesmanship which pushed aside the sophistries of European diplomacy and by his army, sought to found a dynasty which would secure a just balance between the nations of Europe. He was in many respects a great democrat and it was his firm belief that permanent peace in Europe would be possible only by the establishment of a League of Nations; he did not remember that "they that take the sword shall perish by the sword." Wilson, foreordained and predestined in his own mind to bring about universal and just peace, appealed to the mind and conscience of the masses, by the written and spoken word. He did not sufficiently consider that the masses have little mind and less conscience; they are wont to be ruled by force and cunning.

But true to himself he founded upon the rock of righteousness a League of Nations; the floods of criticism have beat upon it; the winds of ridicule have blown against it, but it stands.

The Play of the Week

By Oliver M. Sayler

THE IVORY DOOR, a Legend in a Prologue and Three Acts. By A. A. Milne. Produced by Charles Hopkins at the Charles Hopkins Theatre, New York, October 18, 1927.

IF, a Comedy in Four Acts and Nine Scenes. By Lord Dunsany. Produced by the Actor-Managers at the Little Theatre, New York, October 25, 1927. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Reviewed from Performance and Manuscript

IN the first article in this series I advanced the hypothesis that no play can read as well as it plays if the union of literature and the theatre has been fully achieved. The six plays we have surveyed thus far have brought more or less pertinent proof of this hypothesis. If, in comparing the performance of the two plays named above with the reading of their manuscripts, we find that they incline us to a contrary conclusion, I think it is essential that we beware of a hasty and possibly a misleading judgment. Rather more earnestly than with the average play we must penetrate beneath achievement to potentiality in examining the union of literature and the theatre. *Has* it been a consummate union, after all?

The literary and theatrical category comprising "The Ivory Door," by A. A. Milne, and "If," by Lord Dunsany—that of fantasy—is elusive, fickle, beset with traps and pitfalls. Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird," Rostand's "Chantecler," and Barrie's "Peter Pan" are the classic instances of this *genre* in our time. Their production here and abroad illustrated the quicksands inherent in this form of oral literature. But in recent seasons, with the exception of Capek's "The World We Live In" ("The Insect Comedy") and Tom Cushing's "The Devil in the Cheese," our realistic theatre has given us few opportunities to evaluate the contingencies of fantasy on the stage.

If the process of creating the illusion of actuality in realistic drama taxes the utmost resources of playwright, producer, designer, and player, the worker in fantasy faces an even sterner gauntlet in creating the illusion of unreality. He has no dependable moorings in known fact. True, like the wind, he may range whither he listeth, reassured by the thought that the mass mind in the theatre will meet his imagination half-way. Half-way? I'm not so sure. The motion picture has debilitated our cooperative imagination. And besides, we are no longer naively satisfied with the gauze transparencies and the trick transfigurations of the Hanlon Brothers. Oral and visual fantasy in the theatre today must possess a verisimilitude of its own, a psychological as well as a physical consistency, integrity, and authenticity. Furthermore, it must have a point, a theme. We have scant patience with mere errant extravaganza.

For the dramatist of fantasy, however, to write these qualities into his work is only the first step. Unless the regisseur and his collaborators interpret them with subtle understanding, thorough-going sympathy, and technical skill, it were better by far to read the author's work than to see it on the stage. Clumsy, obtuse interpretation of fantasy is worse than no interpretation at all. The most phlegmatic reader can build dream castles superior to those which are put on the stage with unconvincing illusion in setting and lighting and with impersonations uninspired by true vision.

In the light of these facts, let us see how far failure to achieve the full possibilities latent in our dramatists' themes—to attain the complete union of literature and the theatre—is responsible for our doubt as to the stageworthiness of fantasy.

"The Ivory Door" left Milne's hands freighted with the exquisite whimsicalities, the puckish pranks, and the shrewd and subtle acquaintance with human nature which has long been characteristic of the creator of Mr. Pim and Christopher Robin. It is a legend with a meaning, too, probably a profounder meaning than Milne has been accustomed to tuck away in his works. By the legend of the dread ivory door, through which King Stephen passed, never to be seen again, and which the dauntless Perivale and his plucky Princess Lilia risk with sufficient consequences to provide a simple but engrossing story, the author symbolizes the power of tradition. What we believe in may be false, but we'd rather go on believing it at any cost than adjust our minds to strange new premises.

* * *

For the interpretation of this ironic fairy tale for grown-ups, Charles Hopkins has recruited a cast well-fitted by skill and by temperament attuned to the task on hand. From Henry Hull and Linda Watkins on through Ernest Lawford, A. P. Kaye, Louise Closser Hale, and Donald Meek to sober little David Vivian, they play with that solemnity of a world beyond here and now which is neither floridly exaggerated nor prosaically constrained and which is far from being as easy to attain and maintain as it seems. "The Ivory Door" permits suspicion that it might read better than it plays chiefly because its producer has failed to give it a physical aloofness from here and now, the impression of coming to us across the centuries and distant mountains. That is a technical problem, with esthetic implications, of course; and I do not pretend to know the answer. All I know is that the Moscow Art Theatre does play through such a prism and with such resultant perspective in "The Blue Bird."

The failure of "If" is much more comprehensive. The primary onus for the disaster to the Actor-Managers' first professional attempt to transplant the spirit and ideals of the old Neighborhood Playhouse to Broadway rests upon the author. If Dunsany had any coherent conception of his purpose when he started to write "If," he forgot it in the course of this madcap tale of what might happen if you could live over a portion of your life. With the acceptance of the magic crystal at the end of the second scene, John Beal receives the explicit promise that he will return to his placid, humdrum life with the aura and the conscious residue of the dream-experience on which he is about to embark. Instead, as the curtain falls, he merely wakes up, rubs his eyes, stretches himself, and carries on. If this is Dunsany's idea of a joke on his audience, it is a windy and witless one, albeit there are snatches of the old Dunsany imagery throughout the play.

I prefer, however, to think that the full length play is too much for Dunsany. Lacking the tenacious power to sustain the atmosphere of doom which distinguished "The Queen's Enemies," "A Night at an Inn," and even the several scenes of "The Gods of the Mountain," he has walked out on his audience just as he did in the flesh, with vacant stare and arms fanning the air, on a lecture platform in Indianapolis a decade ago.

The Actor-Managers labored lovingly and valiantly to overcome this handicap, particularly Aline Bernstein with her costumes for the dream scenes. But they failed, just as Hopkins does, to thrust those scenes into another plane of consciousness. What might have been something of a mystery, therefore, became a rather pitiable tragedy of good intentions.

(Mr. Sayler will review next week "And So to Bed," by J. R. Fagan).

The Saturday Review of Literature

Henry Seidel Canby ..... *Editor*
William Rose Benét ..... *Associate Editor*
Amy Loveman ..... *Associate Editor*
Christopher Morley ..... *Contributing Editor*
Noble A. Cathcart ..... *Publisher*

Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President, Roy E. Larsen, Vice-President, Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates, per year; postpaid: in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. IV. No. 17.

Copyright, 1927, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sons of Martha

THE SILENT FORCE. By T. Morris Longstreth. New York: The Century Co. 1927. $4.

Reviewed by Bernard De Voto

KIPLING did not quite invent the North-West Mounted Police, and that seems a pity. It is nowhere on record that he so much as discovered them—and that is definitely a shame. It remained for the movies and the fiction of clerical gentlemen to bring them into art. That menace lapsed as more articulate heroes became fashionable, and so the Sons of Martha have missed their due. Therefore, Mr. Longstreth may write history.

Sons of Martha the Police have been since the beginning. The student of Americana below the forty-ninth parallel is amazed to discover how thoroughly there entered into their formation the fear that had risen years before when Polk desired the Presidency and 54° 40′ was mentioned with some vigor. Well, they were organized, though not till our sensitiveness was appeased by the substitution of "Police" for "Rifles," and the Northwest remained Canadian. Then the Montana mines opened with new *tutti* passages of violence, and crime must not cross the line. The Police convinced all aspirants that the United States was more considerate of murderers and road-agents, and the nester slowly occupied the land unmenaced by robbery or massacre. Now Sitting Bull led three thousand Sioux across the border, to settle. Two American armies had done nothing to command his respect: half a dozen Police were ample, and it is a symbol of the Force that one Inspector lifted Sitting Bull himself from his saddle, walked away with the horse—a stolen one—and lived. The Sioux stayed four years and made no trouble. The Force's Indian policy? Oh, tell them the truth and do what you say you're going to do. It was a bit naïve, by our standards. The frontier moved north: the Force mapped and patrolled it. The Canadian Pacific had to be built; the Force, a dozen or so, moved down and made it possible. A major revolution threatened Canada. When that job had been attended to, the Yukon opened up and there was the familiar necessity of seeing to it that anarchy, rapine, and pillage stopped short with the jurisdiction of the United States. The force became the Royal North-West Mounted Police. In 1919, "North-West" was dropped and "Canadian" substituted for it. The interim was routine: police work, detective work, exploration, security, and all the odd-jobs of government no other department could or would handle. The Arctic became the new and everlasting frontier. The Force took it over. And there you are.

Mr. Longstreth's history makes clear how a force that has never numbered more than a few hundred has enabled frontier Canada to avoid all the chief mistakes of our frontier. The book excellently accomplishes an extremely difficult purpose: it does, by significant details, suggest the essence, and so compresses many volumes into one. The Mounted Policeman of the movies is never present—for the adequate reason that he is a myth—but his deeds are there. No one who reads the book will complain that nerve-racking man-hunts, hairbreadth escapes, death-struggles with the North, or any other trappings of romance are slighted. They are there, but in the line of duty. Nor are single men in barracks palliated, nor do we hear about "getting your man." A picture gradually emerges: a picture of stout farmboys, city clerks, and younger sons turned frontiersmen, moulded by discipline and *esprit de corps* into guardians of far frontiers and patrollers of lost wastes of snow, doing what is set out for them to do, removing the mountains and drying up the lesser floods, quiet, anonymous, and unregarded while their cousins, the sons of Mary, are pleasantly sleeping and unaware.

The Swedish Academy awarded the 1926 Nobel Prize for literature to the Italian author, Signora Grazia Deledda, the second woman to win this prize. The 1927 award was postponed until next year.

The writer was one of three women to win a place in the Italian Academy of Immortals, created by the Fascisti last year. The previous woman recipient of the Nobel Literary Prize is Selma Lagerlöf, the Swedish novelist, who was later elected a member of the Swedish Academy.

Mr. Moon's Notebook

November 1st: *Vegetable Salad and Cider*

THIS last Sunday evening found me ambulant along Greenwich Avenue in pursuit of an essentially modest comestible, namely vegetable salad, destined as a private regale for Sirena and myself. My objective, it need hardly be added, was a certain German delicatessen store. A chow chow, or mustard pickle, of British derivation is another edible we favor for Sunday evenings, as well as a certain paté procured from an Italian merchant. Thus we evince (not Browning's "Nationality in Drinks") but a liberal internationalism in our gastronomic sympathies. Yet, to remain essentially American, I purchased also some sweet cider said to come direct from upstate. Upon decanting, it proved, alas! to be permeated with an entirely alien flavor of almonds, to the detriment of the Hesperidean taste of the apple. However, that is beside the point for the present. Such a contingency was not apprehended as I turned my steps homeward along Greenwich Avenue.

I had been absorbed since the evening before in meditation upon the arguments of Mr. Wyndham Lewis in the second number of his new periodical, *The Enemy*, which is an exhilarating publication. Especially interesting is Mr. Lewis's analysis of the philosophical tendencies of D. H. Lawrence and Sherwood Anderson. He exhibits, and shows the similarity between the underlying theses of "Mornings in Mexico" and of "Dark Laughter." And, as I turned his voluble exegesis of this new scripture over in my mind, I was suddenly aware of a slightly perturbing material fact. Greenwich Avenue had become a thoroughfare entirely composed of planking.

The old solid roadway, the old solid pavements were gone. The street was a makeshift. Beneath my feet, through gratings at regular intervals, I caught glimpses of a yawning gulf, a far-reaching excavation, sometimes dark, sometimes faintly lit by electricity. This, I believe, is all in the cause of the new Subway, as has been the demolishment of that quaint corner once distinguished by the remains of the old O'Connor's Café (where John Masefield used to read Malory by night and polish bar glasses by day) and of several blocks of familiar stores on the east side of Sixth Avenue south of Eighth Street. Nevertheless, my treading suddenly felt infirm. The abyss had opened at my feet. As I walked along, glancing now and then and perforce into subterranean depths, while apparently pursuing my path as an average pedestrian, I tortured my experience into a symbol of much that I had lately been reading and pondering.

* * *

Since Mr. Wyndham Lewis's perusal of "Mornings in Mexico" and "Dark Laughter" he also has felt an abyss beneath his feet, an abyss whose alien unwholesomeness he does not relish. This, to be brief, is the celebration by certain modern writers of a return to the primitive, to the life of mindless sensation. Lawrence is our new Rousseau in his exalting of the horn of primitive man, whether he deals with the ancient Mycenean or the modern Hopi. Anderson also abases himself before the aboriginal, this time before the aboriginal qualities of the negro. Lewis finds a dark communism in both writers, connecting it interestingly with certain aims of contemporary communistic Russia. What Lewis resents, and attacks as an artist, is the emphasis upon sensation at the expense of the intellect. The road that Lawrence is exploring with his heat-lightning intelligence at the service of his extraordinary literary ability, and along which Anderson is groping with his narrative powers at the mercy of vague and congested emotions, is decidedly and diabolically the wrong road to Mr. Lewis.

As Mr. W. C. Brownell says dryly in discussing the inner life in relation to the modern lack of standards, to the modern violent and emotional "sincerity" (and these characteristics are even more pronounced today than when he wrote of them ten years ago):

> In a time when the heritage of the ages is regarded as a handicap and the barbarian though gray ranks higher than even the child if a Christian, we are inevitably thrown back on the natural man, whose propensities may be described as stable though standardless. What he is likely to do with them can be gathered from what happens anywhere when—in our graphic modern phrase again—the lid is taken off the social caldron.

No two writers could, of course, be more different than Mr. Brownell and Mr. Lewis. Mr. Lewis has till lately allied himself with artistic "radicalism." Now, in his own words,

> What has driven him into the bush, or out under the greenwood tree, is the usual thing. Not to build a labyrinth in the gatehouse of my paper, then, the nearest big revolutionary settlement lies some distance behind me. I have moved outside. I found it impossible to come to terms with the canons observed in it. Outside I am freer.

Mr. Brownell is, perhaps, our most cultivated American critic. His writing has a poise, a suavity, a wit for which we are grateful in a day of volcanoes and geysers. Yet, though the refinement of Mr. Brownell might exacerbate Mr. Lewis, and the torrential sweep of Mr. Lewis's headlong style irk Mr. Brownell's *otium cum dignitate*, they are on common ground in their preference for the intellect as opposed to a return to the gorgeous mirage of the "primitive." But today the abyss of the "primitive" is often directly beneath our feet, if indications gathered from contemporary literature, and from contemporary manners, have any cogency. This is not, to be sure, a matter that has given me many nightmares, though it appears to be an interesting tendency of the day. I even regard Mr. Lewis as rather alarmist in his vision of vari-colored races looming in menace above the white. There is a slight taint of sciamachy in his emphasis. He is somewhat clamorously Aryan, and Spengler's "Decline of the West" seems to me to have upset his mental digestion. At the same time, there is sustenance in what he says for those of us who still believe that the human intellect is, so far as we can discern in this completely disillusioned day, Man's most priceless possession.

One may prefer the modern mysticism of Lawrence and Anderson to *tædium vitæ;* but a subhuman communism of belly-grunts and hypnotizing drum-beats, a public animal absorption (were animals in that sense "conscious"!) in a return, through wordless vocalism and abdominally-experienced ecstasy, to the womb of what Mr. Waldo Frank has characterized as "The Dark Mother," can never seem to many a satisfactory substitute for such ratiocination as we endeavor to prosecute. We, in fact, prefer the vegetable salad of our confused thoughts to the raw meat of this repast. There was a place in the Valley of Hinnom where refuse-heaps succeeded to the establishment of idols and the fires burned continually. But the name of the place was Tophet, synonymous today with the ideologist's Hell. The idols have gone, but we need not worship the refuse, or fashion it into new idols. And indeed it is a perversion merely of the old *tædium vitæ* to turn our backs upon a heritage of intelligence.

Yet, averted from this feverish rummage in chaos and old Night, it must be admitted that the Neronian spectacle that meets eyes lifted to many manifestations of modern civilization is hardly less distressing, as, indeed, Mr. Lewis finds it. The first production of this season at the Current Playwright's Theatre is said to be a satire upon the rampant standardization of our day in America, with all its attendant evils. And a startling little book written by a child of thirteen who is already a sophomore at Barnard College, Elizabeth Benson's "The Younger Generation," blurts at us the following:

> We are called the pampered, unruly children of the jazz age, but in reality we are the offspring of the machine age. And the cacophony of the band to which we dance is the nerve-tearing bore of electric riveters, the hiss of puddled steel, the almost inaudible whirr of revolving wheels. The machine is turning out dollars and comfort and Ford cars and radios—and the younger generation. Can you stop it—or us?

We have already had in experimental novels and in experimental plays, such as those, for instance, of John Dos Passos, Edmund Wilson, and John Howard Lawson, attempts to depict the plight we are in as a nation, and to paint the phantasmagoria of our day as seen through younger eyes. To return to Mr. Wyndham Lewis, his attitude toward Capitalism is much the same as his attitude toward Communism; in fact he traces many resemblances between the two which should be fairly obvious. I myself, an almost incurably sanguine sciolist, am virtually in equal parts exhilarated and depressed by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this epoch. It has accumulated the furniture of a mighty mansion of industry and the arts. At the present moment the furniture is oppressive in quantity and the inhabitants of the house move blindly about beneath its weight, thridding its mechanical confusion. If the house could but be set in order and the inhabitants only learn how to live in the house!

To speak of the enormous inventiveness of the United States is to mouth *cliché*. As to what the outcome of all this inventiveness of ours is to be, in the opinion of some economists we are moving with our usual rapidity (not that I wish to terrify you with the tags attached to tendencies) toward the realization of certain socialistic prophecies. Our younger generation, on the other hand, inclines toward the celebration of individuality, the distinction between which and personality Mr. Brownell has quite justly drawn. In any event, and in the face of political and industrial problems that sometimes appal, the age is electric with frank discussion. And it is the young, indeed, much as ignorant pulpiteers harass them, in whom we find the least tendency to abjure the functioning of the intellect.

But the thought of that cider recurs! The almond flavor may have mistakenly been thought to enhance its appeal to the palate. Yet, at least, it was not *bitter* almond. The cider base perdured under the permeating alien ingredient. The drink is the same today that most of us desire; and I dare say that west of Gades the ancient orchard is in its usual flourish. Even today, for the gin-sick, the love-sick, the brain-sick, an injunction may be appropriated with their consent from Solomon, garnished, so far as it refers to apples by the qualification of "Hesperidean." In simpler terms, our ideals may hardly yet be called moribund. Meanwhile,—why, meanwhile, a good many of us, it seems, are stayed with flagons!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

(*To be continued*)

Through Hell

MY HEART AND MY FLESH. By ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS. New York: The Viking Press. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

AGAINST a background of Kentucky hills and quiet village streets, Miss Roberts has given us a study of the mind of a young girl who went through—it is the author's own word—hell. It is a hell where we should least look for it. A normally healthy girl of good family, reared in a district of tobacco and cattle, Theodosia Bell lived an early life which, as it unfolds itself in Miss Roberts' first chapters, seems peace itself. Her family had money; her grandfather was the aristocrat of the little town; she was motherless, but she was given good religious training, and her schooling included lessons on the violin. She went to the local Seminary, played games with the other girls, was proud of her father's good looks, and as she grew older, took pleasure in her boyish admirers. She seemed destined to make some happy marriage, and live through a placid life in or near her birthplace. Then, suddenly, she found her feet on a steep place. She suffered a terrible series of shocks, and before she knew it she was emotionally and physically prostrate, and mentally on the border of insanity—perhaps for a time actually insane.

The effect of all this Miss Roberts has heightened for careful and discerning readers by keeping her study on a psychological plane. It is the girl's emotional and intellectual processes which are constantly in the foreground. Often they are treated with an intensity which makes us welcome the relief afforded by bits of objective adventure, or by descriptions of the Kentucky countryside. Yet we follow them with pained but increasing absorption. Theodosia's first shock is the discovery that her father had been the community Don Juan, clinging to the rôle even after his marriage to her dead mother. She actually learns that two negresses of the town, Lethe and Americy, are her half sisters, and that a half-witted yellow boy at the livery stable, the butt of the loafers, is her half-brother. The fact that this discovery bursts upon her at the time of her beloved old grandfather's death intensifies the shock. Then comes the loss of her lover Conway, the soft-voiced, gallant youngster whom half-unconsciously she expected to marry. He is burned to death in his house; and this shock also is intensified by the circumstance that within a few months ugly whispers charge Conway with having been the father of an illegitimate child suddenly born to a neighboring girl. All this is appalling. But the third shock is the worst of all. In her grief she makes the acquaintance of the negresses Lethe and Americy, her half-sisters, and of her half-brother at the livery stable, Stiggins. She finds that Stiggins and Americy, ignorant of their blood relationship, are prosecuting the nastiest of amorous intrigues; and on the very night she makes this discovery, her half-sister Lethe, maddened by her negro lover's unfaithfulness, takes a knife and stabs him to death.

* * *

Is it strange that the last of these three shocks leaves Theodosia all but out of her mind, and throws her into a fever from which she recovers only after weeks of prostration and agony? It seems unfair to the author to blurt out in bare, ugly outline this story of miscegenation and its terrible consequences. Readers of her previous novel, "The Time of Man," need not be told that her method is admirably restrained and natural, and that her style throws a grace about what in other hands would appear raw and crude. Here we have adultery, murder, incest, and death in its worst possible form, yet there is not a page in the book which seems

ERNEST HEMINGWAY
Author of "Men Without Women." Woodcut from a Portrait by Henry Strater

melodramatic. One reason for this is that Miss Roberts is less concerned with the violent events themselves than with their effect upon Theodosia. We see them not directly, but as mirrored in her sensitive and tortured mind. And in the pages which relate how the girl, after all that she has undergone, flees to a lonely farmhouse to recover, and lies writhing there until she finds strength of mind and body to put the past behind her, Miss Roberts reaches the height of her powers. These pages are a convincing study of a brain diseased. They are not pleasant reading. They show us the girl stretched as on a rack, discordant voices beating within her skull, her reason for a time seeming in danger of losing the battle. To do this effectively, and yet not overdo it, was a problem which would have baffled weaker writers, but Miss Roberts's pen does not falter.

In the end Theodosia does regain her mental balance and her bodily vigor. She turns once more to the world, and finds that by hard work in a quiet environment she can again feel master of her own destiny. Now and then the perdition she has been through comes back to her. At such moments, writes Miss Roberts, "she remembered hell. A clear sharp memory, acutely realized . . . pure and excruciating distress shook her as if it were a chill." But we leave her content and even at times happy, looking forward to marriage to a son of the soil, and teaching school in the meantime. It is a sunny ending to a stormy and tragic book—a book that will not appeal to those who shrink from pain, but that again demonstrates Miss Roberts's power and skill in rather impressive fashion.

Simple Annals of the Callous

MEN WITHOUT WOMEN. By ERNEST HEMINGWAY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by LEE WILSON DODD

IF it be true that a critic's whole duty with respect to a given writer is, first, to discern "what the poet's aim really and truly was, how the task he had to do stood before his eye," and, second, to judge "how far, with such materials as were afforded him, he has fulfilled it," then, with respect to Mr. Ernest Hemingway, the present critic's whole duty can be swiftly and certainly disposed of. Mr. Hemingway's aim is obvious, how his task stood before his eye is obvious; and it is equally obvious that he does thoroughly the particular job he sets for himself; a little better, indeed, than anyone else now writing has been able to do it.

The job Mr. Hemingway sets himself is to make a literal report of such aspects of life as happen to have engaged his attention. He writes of what he has seen, heard, touched, tasted, smelled—provided, always, that it has spontaneously caught his interest. He desires to make a direct transcript of facts from his varying environments, to put down on paper a series of artistically accurate statements—statements, that is to say, fitting his immediate impressions and perceptions as glove fits hand. There are to be no wrinkles and no decorations; the perfect fit is the goal. As for the selection of facts to be transcribed, he leaves that, without further care, to whatever it is that holds him together as an individual, a simple separate person. He did not make himself nor the world as it impinges upon him; but, because he is himself, certain aspects of the impinging world strongly fix his attention and he is strongly moved to reproduce them in prose. To reproduce such things with a spare, hard, undeviating precision is the entire scope and meaning of his art: and in this restricted endeavor he is triumphant. For what they may or may not be intellectually, esthetically, or morally worth, he makes his facts ours. It would seem, then, that by all good practitioners of the Creative Criticism, which Mr. J. E. Spingarn has so sedulously propagated among us, Mr. Hemingway must be proclaimed a master, an authentic artist in prose. For does he not accomplish precisely all that he sets out to accomplish? And did Shakespeare invariably do as much? Or could Plato have done more?

* * *

To ask these questions is to raise at once a larger question as to the sufficiency of the school of criticism developed by Mr. Spingarn from *dicta* of Goethe and Carlyle and from the ponderous flounderings of Croce. Is it true that a critic should concern himself merely with means and never with ends? When I have said of an author that he has done well his chosen job, why may I not go on to say that to the best of my knowledge and belief the chosen job was only in a restricted sense worth doing at all? Literature, I confess, would have little interest for me if I were once convinced that its special values withdrew it entirely from the common business of life. It was Bagehot who pointed out that we do not keep tame steam-engines to write our books for us; we write them ourselves. Thus, behind every book—however cunningly disguised as "objective"—there is not merely a more or less skilful technician in prose or verse but a man of some sort, a "character," not without influence on the triolets or tragedies he is producing. Briefly, it is impossible to criticize a book without criticizing a man—a fact that will account accurately enough for the wide unpopularity of critics.

* * *

To the present critic, then, who is amazed by and genuinely admires the lean virtuosity of Mr. Hemingway, the second most astonishing thing about him is the narrowness of his selective range. His interest in the so variously impinging Universe is a peculiarly restricted interest. It permits him to observe with due attention only certain sorts of people, themselves with oddly limited minds, interests, and patterns of behavior. The people he observes with fascinated fixation and then makes live before us are real, but they are all very much alike: bullfighters, bruisers, touts, gunmen, professional soldiers, prostitutes, hard drinkers, dope fiends. . . . Well, why not? Can any objection be made to this range of interest which is not a snob-

PRODUCED BY FREE.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bish or an intolerably Miss Nancy objection? Yes; I think that it can be made, and I feel that it should be made.

But do not misunderstand me. I can easily conceive of a great writer choosing to write the short and simple annals of the hard-boiled; what I can not conceive is his doing so virtually without reference to other possible aspects of human existence. For a Maxim Gorki, as I read him, the lower depths are not wholly disconnected from black, bottomless gulfs even more profoundly terrible, nor have they lost all contact with the loftiest, remotest pinnacles of aspiration. And it makes a difference—. In the callous little world of Mr. Hemingway I feel cribbed, cabined, confined; I lack air—just as I do in the cruel little world of Guy de Maupassant—just as I do, though not so desperately, so gaspingly, in the placid stuffy little world of Jane Austen. But there is room to breathe in Shakespeare, in Tolstoy. And—yes—it makes all the difference.

Waters of Time

THE WATER IS WIDE. By MARTIN ARMSTRONG. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

THERE are at least three ways of regarding love (aside from perhaps innumerable other ways unrecorded in literature): the classical, which conceives of it as a tragic fatality; the romantic, which makes of it an ecstatic religion; and the realistic, which considers it a biological function. Writers of fiction have generally eschewed the first conception, perhaps because neither tragedy nor fate—both highly simplified ideas—are popular in our conglomerate modernity, or perhaps they fear to come to grips with naked passion when the much softer themes of sentiment or sensuality will serve so well instead. Martin Armstrong is a writer who is not afraid. "The Water is Wide" treats of the story of Phædra and Hippolytus in a setting of modern rural England, but not Racine or Euripides ever handled it more austerely or developed it more inevitably. And Mr. Armstrong's psychology is probably truer to the usual facts of such a situation than either the Frenchman's or the Greek's.

> Was it not a sinful thing, a thing monstrous and terrible, that a woman should love the son of her own husband? So it would have seemed to her (Kate Humphrey) if she had been told of such a case; but now that the case was her own, the question had no meaning for her. The bright radiance of her love was its own supreme and indisputable justification; it blinded her to crabbed arguments of right and wrong, burning them up and consuming them as so much dry rubbish, the dead offscourings of life.

The struggle here is not between passion and duty; it is Kate against the world, and the world wins. Yet it is not a mere external struggle; outrageous fortune has entered into Kate's soul, saddening and hardening it in places while leaving other spots tender and supersensitive; the struggle is among the many Kates who make up Mr. Armstrong's dark, appealing heroine. The author excels in the art of imaginative suggestion, and elaborately as he studies the woman's changing moods he makes her seem aloof, mysterious and full of unrevealed possibilities until the end. This modern Phædra is not unworthy of her elder sisters.

* * *

There is little action or dialogue in the story, and there are virtually but three characters. It will be recalled that Racine, in order to give his Hippolytus a touch of *faiblesse*, represented the chaste huntsman of Euripides as himself in love with a maiden of his own age. Mr. Armstrong's David, perhaps to enhance Kate's tragedy, perhaps because it would probably be so in life, is similarly saved from the danger of yielding to his stepmother's advances; but Mr. Armstrong, wiser in this than Racine, does not allow his nameless Aricie to do more than stroll past us in the gloaming. His book is woven about Kate, and yet at its close we find ourselves contemplating rather the wreck which is all that is left of jovial "Squire" Humphrey—but which represents, too, all that is left of Kate,—and contemplating also the quiet of field and farm which her coming and going have not touched. With exquisite art the author submerges his story in the wide waters of time which flow on silently.

The Bowling Green

In Geneva

III

THE hall is not large. It is about the size of a college auditorium, and panelled in a plain brown wood that gives it a sort of Lutheran feeling. The unofficial spectators, who have been admitted by little pink cards, are herded into a small section at the back of the ground floor, or in the rear end of the gallery. They are intensely serious, and a little indignant because they are not allowed to climb over into the press galleries, along the sides, which are only half filled. But the ushers are fierce. At the least sign of life on the part of the visitors they hiss violently. At first these hissings, sibilated from various parts of the dark and crowded little gallery, I took to be disapproval of sentiments uttered from the tribune. I was pleased at this apparent evidence of lively interest. But it was only the ushers. The Swiss, by long generations of training, have acquired a genius for keeping order. As janitors, herdsmen, gendarmes, headwaiters, they are perfect. These ushers at the Assembly of the League of Nations were happy men. "You are begged not to applaud" they would cry, in a singular accent, if any of their flock showed animation.

In contrast to this discipline, the official parts of the hall, during the less important speeches, were amazingly informal. After the ringing of the big hand-bell, reminiscent of a farmhouse dinner call, the galleries are shut and the late-comers must content themselves with a peep through the glass doors at M. Vandervelde's whiskers or Herr Stresemann's naked poll. But on the floor and up the grades of the dais there is a constant to and fro. The young functioneers in spats are moving about and whispering. Seats were creaking, young women of great assurance, in free and easy sporting clothes, were on and off the high platform, chatting with the presiding officers, delegates were greeting one another, newspapers being read. An unfortunate Italian was in the rostrum, reading his speech from manuscript in very gross French. It was delightful to see how all those who, for one reason or another, had occasion to cross the high-rising terraces behind the rostrum, took the opportunity to register themselves upon that particular junction of Time and Eternity. They would pause, knit the brows in strong torsion of intellect, glance broodily at a sheaf of papers, and come to some mythical decision. In the pews at the side, seemingly reserved for those of high rank, a few pensive statesmen sat in motionless trance. Even their mastery of the sessile arts could not disguise the appalling ennui of a mandarin's life. But the lively little gigolos and under-secretaries, whispering to and fro and dodging in and out through the brown curtains at the back, were having an excellent time. I began to suspect that somewhere behind that brown curtain was a bar; this, I learned later, was a fact. In one corner of the press gallery some sort of *homme d'état*, with cropped hair and cross-bar glasses was cheerfully dictating a speech to an attractive young woman in mauve. They giggled together. The laborious Italian, whose French accent was a great encouragement to me, threw accents of pathos into his voice, but no one paid any attention. We had arrived at 10:30, and after what seemed a lifetime I gazed cautiously at my watch. It was only 11:40. I slipped cautiously out and went to the lobby to smoke and study the official publications of the League displayed for sale under the tablet in memory of John Huss.

* * *

In other words the Assembly of the League is like any other public meeting. When anyone with the right idea is talking it may be thrilling. When the bores have the floor it doesn't signify. That audience is subject to the hydrostatic parodox valid in all assemblies. A very small quantity of a fluid may exert a quite disproportionate power upon other quantities of fluid no matter how large. A very small quantity of human understanding can move a very large audience.

How well M. Briand understood that. Having first seen the Assembly at its worst (which, after all, was no worse than any conglomerate parliament) it was the more impressive to see it under the sway of a really magnificent speaker. The hall was quiet enough while he was on the platform. The matter of his talk seemed fairly trite—an impassioned plea for international patience and tolerance—but I was not there to analyze matter. I was there, responsible to no one but my own skull, to get the feeling of the thing. It was grand to see him, every display function at work, hands, voice, eyebrows, intonation. How well he knows that the more august an audience is the more it needs a chance to laugh. He strolled blithely to and fro, talking hard as he went; he paused to lean forward and speak directly to Herr Stresemann and the German delegation before him; he knew by perfect instinct when to evoke laugh, when to play upon solemnity. What did it matter what he said? Who was there who did not see in him, and relish, and applaud, something of the quality of France? What a sounding-board of transition, for the Frenchman, are such words as ALORS, or ENCORE. . . . With one of those words, rolled in suspending cadence as he passed from one mood to another, he held us in ecstasy. The whole accent system of the French language lends itself to the charms of declamation. And yet, with the shrewdest ease and simplicity he avoided the taint of the professional chrysostom, the too evidently calculated tropes and modulations and pauses. It was the perfection of panegyric skill, the speech that seems almost like a soliloquy. Even the ushers knew enough not to try to restrain the applause.

* * *

Part of the fun is to see all the delegates streaming out of the front door of the Hotel Victoria (attached to the hall) on their way to lunch. For the League is a very human institution, as I have tried to point out; well applauded was the wise interpreter who, when the hour for recess was long past, translated a somewhat lengthy peroration in these single terms: "Monsieur says if we don't adjourn we shall all be late for lunch." They come bustling out into that clear Geneva sunshine, past the newsboys shouting the Berliner *Tageblatt* and the Frankfurter *Zeitung*. (Frankfurter *Zeitung?* remarked a visitor from Dakota—What's he mean, that it's time for a hot dog?). What a kaleidoscope of beards, spats, monocles, Russians, Japanese, Italians. The ironic observer has then some inkling why the U. S. still abstains from the League, for in that panorama you see everything that a certain gland of the American mind is instinctively suspicious of—striped trousers braced up very high, short black coats, cross-bar glasses, beards, women with thick ankles, men with tangent knees, the German shape of knickerbockers, and bushes in green tubs (which always suggest liquor.) They come garrulously out, with that special eagerness that the human race shows toward lunch time, hugging their brief cases and chattering together. The Big Boys step into limousines with little flags, the lesser fry go hurrying toward the Café du Nord or Carlo's Sporting Bar. You overhear little scraps of off-guard conversation. "He's a double-dyed Englishman," remarked an elderly French official to his secretary. "Is that Austen Chamberlain?" said an American. "He looks like Niagara Falls." "I want to know who all these people are," said a lady, impressed by this amazing flux of cosmopolitanism that went streaming by us. "They'd tell you fast enough, if you asked them," was her companion's reply.—Just across the street my eye kept catching the brightly colored posters of Hagenbeck's Circus.

* * *

I hope I haven't seemed too scherzo. No man in his senses would make light of the work the League is trying to do. It is a very human organization, a trifle over-run with volunteer pew-openers, but infinitely appealing to any serious observer who will take the time to see its gallant and painstaking attempt to organize international decency. But also, to the unembittered plebe, some of the by-play of diplomacy is extraordinarily amusing. It was in Geneva that I first heard of Harold Nicholson's gorgeous book "Some People," which plays such delicate mirth on Foreign Office themes. Not even Max Beerbohm has a wickeder eye for civilized merriment. I've read nothing so amusing in years, I hope you won't miss it.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUTNAM BOOKS

His Life Lay Like a Bridge Across the XIX Century

FRANCIS JOSEPH
Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary
By EUGENE BAGGER
Author of "Eminent Europeans"

"Policies and genealogy, court and cousins boil in this cauldron for almost a century and constitute a record of not only the whole of Austria, but the whole of nineteenth century European politics. Cleverly written, minutely documented." —*The New Yorker.* Illustrated. $5.00

CERTAIN RICH MEN
By MEADE MINNIGERODE

"Mr. Minnigerode has the talent for catching the essence of a dead age in a few graceful sentences. Everyone of these brief biographies is clear, convincing, dramatic."—*Elmer Davis in the N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $3.50

ACROSS ASIA'S SNOWS AND DESERTS
By WILLIAM J. MORDEN

The story of a great adventure under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History on the Marco Polo trail from Bombay to Peking. $5.00

BISMARCK
The TRILOGY of a Fighter
By EMIL LUDWIG

Based on the forbidden memoirs of Bismarck, these three plays, one of which was twice suppressed by the Kaiser, reveal astonishing truths about both men. $3.75

MOON LADY
By UPTON CLOSE
Author of "The Revolt of Asia"

In this novel the former editor of the Peking Daily tells the story of a lovely Chinese girl who embodies the enchanting soul of China. $2.00

For sale at all bookstores, or at the Putnam Store 2 West 45th Street, just west of 5th Avenue

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
New York London

Write for Illustrated Catalog of Putnam Books for Fall

Books of Special Interest

Florentine Annals

A FLORENTINE DIARY FROM 1450 to 1516. By LUCA LANDUCCI. Translated from the Italian by Alice de Rosen Jervis. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1927. $3.

Reviewed by KENNETH MCKENZIE
Princeton University

THE end of the fifteenth century was a stirring time for dwellers in Florence. Lorenzo the Magnificent and his successor Piero, with Savonarola, inside the walls of the city, and Cesare Borgia and Charles VIII of France not far distant, make the last years of the Republic a period of extraordinary interest. During these years and until his death in 1516, Luca Landucci, a little apothecary whose shop was in Via Tornabuoni, kept a diary. He did not write in it every day, but from time to time events attracted his attention, and he described them more or less fully, in each case giving the exact date. Many of his entries are not only disconnected, but trivial in themselves; yet taken together they present a vivid picture of the life of the city, of its economic condition, and of the warfare that prevailed almost constantly in all parts of Italy.

Landucci throws considerable light on political events; but while observing and describing the factional struggles, he was canny enough to keep aloof from trouble; as he remarks, "I myself am without party or political passion, and desire nothing but that the will of God should be done." He relates not only what he himself saw, but much news that came by hearsay, frequently beginning his entries by "We heard that . . ." He was particularly interested in recording such happenings as the capture and hanging of robbers, and the torture of political conspirators. Much of what he wrote has real historical significance, and we cannot have too many contemporary documents of the period in question. At times he rises to real eloquence. This is particularly true in his detailed account of the last months of Savonarola's career; and his descriptions of the hunt with wild animals in the center of Florence, and of the festivities accompanying the visit to Florence of the Medici Pope, Leo X, in 1515, are also outstanding passages.

The Italian text of the Diary, frequently quoted by historians, was published in 1882 with notes by Iodoco del Badia; it has been translated into excellent English, with additional notes concerning chiefly Florentine customs and topography. There is a useful index, and the volume is embellished by ten well-chosen illustrations.

Into Unknown Seas

A VOYAGE TO THE SOUTH SEAS IN HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP THE WAGER IN THE YEARS 1740-1741. By JOHN BULKELEY and JOHN CUMMINS, Gunner and Carpenter of the Wager. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. 1927. $3 net.

Reviewed by MARGARET MEAD
American Museum of Natural History

JOURNALS of voyages "to the South Seas," "around the Horn," "through the Straits," or "in search of the South Pole," fall into two classes, those in which the narrators were principally interested in describing the strange new sights and sounds and smells, and those in which the record pays scant attention to coral reefs, outrigger canoes, and the tattooing of the "indiens"—as all encountered savages were indiscriminatingly called by their discoverers—but is mainly concerned with the fate of the mixed companies aboard ship. To the former class belong journals like those of Captain Cook, to the latter accounts of the mutiny of the Bounty and this tale of His Majesty's Ship Wager. These stories of short rations, internal dissension, incapable and brutal officers, mutiny and ship wreck, however poorly told, gain a certain charm from their setting. A quarrel between two petty officers cannot fail to borrow importance from the fact that the quarrel takes place aboard a ship, which under-rationed and inadequately manned, thousands of miles from home, is venturing into unknown seas. The knowledge that the disputants may all be in the cannibals' pot within a fortnight persuades us to listen to the dispute. Many of these narratives rely almost entirely upon these trappings to carry a story so ill-told that it would not be glanced at if related of characters who were safe on dry land.

But the Voyage of the Wager is an exception. The main concern of the worthy gunner is, it is true, with affairs aboard ship, and the woeful misconduct of the whole expedition. But he tells his story with a downright honesty and wit, an accuracy of observation, and a sturdiness of conviction which make it well worth the reading for the sake of his comment alone. His pithiness of phrase is pleasantly stressed by the bygone mode of frequent capitalization; and the reproduction of facsimiles of the original dedications and of several well executed cuts of sailing vessels of the period add much to the charm of the present edition. As the writers state: "We don't set up for Naturalists and Men of great Learning, therefore have avoided meddling with Things above our Capacity."

The publication of a journal of this sort is one of the pieces of fortuitous good luck which occasionally provide us with documents which without any literary intent have produced an unusual literary result.

Fluctuations

BUSINESS CYCLES AND BUSINESS MEASUREMENTS. By CARL SNYDER. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1927. $6.

Reviewed by DONALD J. HENDERSON
Rutgers University

BUSINESS cycle literature, considered in good standing, has in later years shown a tendency to "stick to the facts." Mr. Snyder's book is no exception. Packed from cover to cover with fifty-six charts, substantiating references, and an appendix containing thirty-four detailed tables, it represents research of considerable magnitude and time. And yet, it is so judiciously spiced with reasonable interpretation and comment that it is provocative rather than dreary. The volume is the result of extended research carried on by Mr. Snyder and his associates to arrive at more definite measures for volume of trade and financial fluctuations in the last fifty years. The material has largely appeared in various periodicals in the last year or two and is conveniently brought together, elaborated, and summarized in this book.

Starting with a rapid review of the tremendous growth in industry, business, and foreign trade in the last eighty years, he finds only two periods of prolonged stagnation; one follows the Civil War boom and one extends from 1893-98. Mr. Snyder offers the suggestion "that these two exceptional crises were the evanescent product of our industrial development," a type of crisis or cycle made improbable by the more effective integration and organization of industry today.

A careful analysis of this development in production and trade reveals "a persistent and usually characteristic tendency to increase over a period of time." Along with this growth has gone a definite wave-like movement. This persistent growth supplies Mr. Snyder with a concept of normality. "The persistence of a regular and even rate of growth is our concept of normality in business, and 'business cycles' can be thought of as the recurring wave-like interruptions to the normal growth." Mr. Snyder throws out the suggestion that these periods of prosperity represent over-expansion beyond the rate of growth to which industry is geared up at that time and hence throws the system off balance. It also is argued that this "normal rate" be used as a base for index numbers, thus avoiding the difficulties inherent in a static time-period base.

A new measure of the volume of trade is worked out, using fifty-six series and covering the total volume of trade from the beginning of 1919 to the closing months of 1926. The use of deflated dollar series, represented in this volume of trade measure, is urged. Series expressed in dollars have always been regarded somewhat suspiciously as measures of trade due to fluctuations in the value of the dollar. The use of proper price indexes removes these objections.

Bank clearings as a measure of business cycles are tested and found to be adequate indicators of fluctuations. The velocity of bank deposits though feasible, is not as useful. A chapter on the interest rate and business cycle reveals its influence to have been less than is supposed . . . the importance of these fluctuations (the interest rate) rather, derived from their association with or use as business barometers. . . ." A discussion of business failures and cycles shows failures to have been reduced fully one-fourth in terms of relative liabilities in the last fifty years, hence reducing risk in business to the same degree.

The American Philosophy of Equality

By T. V. Smith

Equality, in its present vague status, has lost much of the meaning that the founders of this country attached to it. In his book Mr. Smith has set out, in effect, to rescue from oblivion whatever truth the earlier doctrine contained. If the concept of equality is to continue in the fundamental place it has held in our political, religious, and social assumptions, it must certainly be restated in terms more applicable to current situations. "Perhaps men are not actually equal," writes Mr. Smith, "but even so, they ought to be treated more equally than they now are, for in that way they really can be made more equal."

$3.00

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

Francesca Alexander
By CONSTANCE G. ALEXANDER

The first biography of the famous friend of Ruskin and of a host of other noted writers and artists during the nineteenth century; illustrated from photographs and from Francesca's own drawings. "The fact that this book differs widely from most books of today will lend it distinction and commend it to the little company of those who, oppressed by a garish literature, have kept their taste for homely events, beautiful characters, and a diction showing everywhere acquaintance with those who in former times knew how to use our English speech." —*George Herbert Palmer.*

$7.50 a copy.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
2 RANDALL HALL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Now Ready

The Music-Makers

By
MURRELL EDMUNDS

A Novel of the South of today with the scene laid in Virginia

A lady who read this book before publication said to the Publisher:
"This is just the book people are waiting for. It is true, sincere and beautiful."

12mo. decorated wrapper.
Price $2.00

At Booksellers, or Direct from
HAROLD VINAL, Ltd.
Publishers, 562 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UP FROM THE CITY STREETS
A Life of ALFRED E. SMITH
By Norman Hapgood and Henry Moskowitz
An authentic, personal, and stirring story of "Al" Smith and what has made him an outstanding national figure. *Illustrated,* $2.50

MOTHER INDIA
By Katherine Mayo
A "best seller" in England and America. "Vital in its world importance."—*Boston Herald.* *Illustrated,* $3.75

GENIUS AND CHARACTER
By Emil Ludwig
"Bound to be one of the most discussed books of the season."—*Chicago Tribune.* *Illustrated,* $3.50

WHY STOP LEARNING?
By Dorothy Canfield Fisher
An illuminating description of the new conception of adult education. $2.00

ADVENTURES IN ARABIA
By W. B. Seabrook
"As vivid as a Conrad novel."—*Chicago News.* "Entrancing."—*Boston Transcript.* *Illustrated,* $3.00

AMERICAN POETRY, 1927
A Miscellany
"A fine and beautiful collection of verse in which are represented sixteen of the best American poets."—*N. Y. World.* $2.50

MORE THAN WIFE
By Margaret Widdemer
"Compels the attention to the very end. The story enjoys much of the character of Hutchinson's 'This Freedom.'"—*Phila. Ledger.* $2.00

BLACK STREAM
By Nathalie Colby
"The thoughts of her characters come in sharp white flashes; their likenesses are cut in hard, deep lines."—*New Yorker.* $2.50

MOOR FIRES
By E. H. Young
"A story that should please American readers as well as 'William.'"—*Chicago Eve. Post.* $2.50

POEMS OF HEINRICH HEINE
Selected and translated by Louis Untermeyer
"For the first time, the English reader is furnished with a genuinely representative selection from Heine's poems so translated as to give their real significance."—*N. Y. Times.* $2.00

A book of *singable* songs

THE AMERICAN SONG BAG

It belongs in the music corner of the library, or on the piano, or on the back porch, or at the summer cottage, or at the camp, or—

wherever people sing songs and want songs to sing.

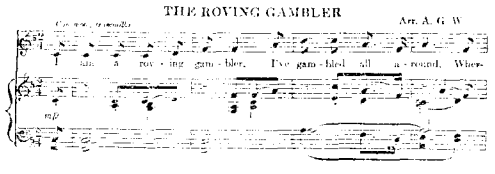
THIS is a distinct contribution to American literature—280 songs, ballads, ditties which men have sung in the making of America. A wide human procession marches through this book. The rich and the poor; robbers, murderers, hangmen; fathers and mothers, wild boys; workmen on railroads, steamboats, ships; wanderers and lovers of homes, tell what life has done to them. At least one hundred of the folk songs gathered by Mr. Sandburg and his friends from coast to coast have never before been published. The music includes not merely airs and melodies, but complete harmonizations or piano accompaniments.

List of Main Sections each of which is, in itself, a songbook out of some phase of American life:

DRAMAS AND PORTRAITS
THE OULD SOD MINSTREL SONGS
TARNISHED LOVE TALES OR COLONIAL AND REVOLUTIONARY ANTIQUES
FRANKIE AND HER MAN
PIONEER MEMORIES
KENTUCKY BLAZING STAR
HOBO SONGS
THE LINCOLNS AND HANKSES
GREAT LAKES AND ERIE CANAL
THE BIG BRUTAL CITY
PRISON AND JAIL SONGS
BLUES, MELLOWS, BALLETS
THE GREAT OPEN SPACES
MEXICAN BORDER SONGS
LOVELY PEOPLE
SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS
ROAD TO HEAVEN
PICNIC AND HAYRACK FOLLIES, CLOSE HARMONY, AND DARN FOOL DITTIES
RAILROAD AND WORK GANGS
LUMBERJACKS, LOGGERS, SHANTYBOYS
SAILORMAN
BANDIT BIOGRAPHIES
FIVE WARS

By CARL SANDBURG

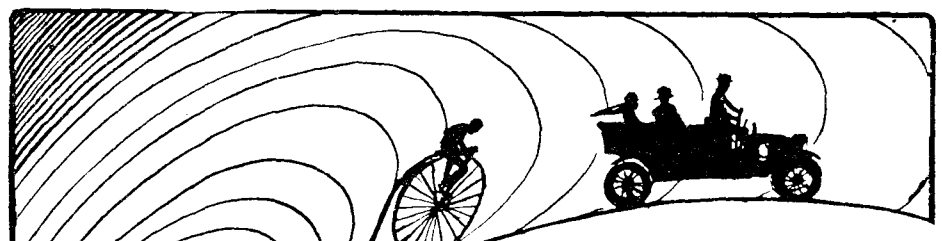
Author of "Abraham Lincoln," "Rootabaga Stories," etc.



Just Published
Illustrated, $7.50

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY 383 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A Pageant of Transportation

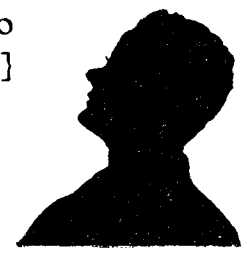
SPLENDOR

By

Ben Ames Williams

$2.50

HERE is a marvelous panorama of American life seen through the eyes of a newspaper man, reflecting the hope and optimism of a great people and a great age—the brilliant happenings of the end of the nineteenth century with its promise of a more brilliant future. It is a fine understanding novel of newspaper life, the newspaper life that is perhaps being ushered out by the tabloids. Henry Beeker is a characteristic newspaper man, an average American, the American Mr. Mencken and Mr. Sinclair Lewis do not understand. [E. P. DUTTON & CO.]



SPLENDOR

Kathleen Coyle

writes

IT IS BETTER TO TELL

$2.50

Kathleen Coyle's vivid story written in an entirely new vein centers around an unmarried mother and a fascinating "African negress like a ripe poppy pulsing with undrained life."

Here is a powerful, gripping problem. Does the author solve it? Is it better to tell the children the true story of their birth and their natural father? Do you think—

IT IS BETTER TO TELL

E. P. Dutton & Co. New York

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 7. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most trenchant epigram, in not more than eight lines of rhymed verse, on the passing of the old model Ford. (Entries for this competition should be mailed to reach *The Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of November 21).

Competition No. 8. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best continuation in not more than 400 words of Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," the narrative to be taken up at the precise point where it breaks off in the original.

Competitors are advised to read very carefully the rules printed below.

THE FOURTH COMPETITION

Won by HELEN M. GETHMAN

Haydon records that "Keats made Ritchie promise to carry his 'Endymion' to the great desert of Sahara and fling it in the midst . . . Poor Ritchie went to Africa and died there in 1819." A prize of fifteen dollars was offered for the most convincing account of the finding of the volume by a traveler in 1850.

THIS had to be done subtly or not at all. The suggested circumstances were already romantic enough, in fact, almost too romantic to allow a really convincing explanation. Thus the many competitors who elaborated them, piling Pelion on Ossa in the midst of the Libyan desert, only made their task more difficult. Too many—far too many—of the invented travelers knew Keats by name. More than half of these were actually connoisseurs of poetry and, at least three, habitual collectors of precious books and manuscripts. Their deserts were too generously sprinkled with oases and in nearly every instance the traveler was an Englishman or an American.

Arjeh does well (and, incidentally, writes a good parody) in his fantastic extract from "the first edition of Sir Richard Burton's 'Pilgrimage'." Here it is, complete:

Scarce had I taken my Kayf in the Majlis when the boy Mohammed entered, drawing after him that Maghrabi whom Sa'ad the Demon had overcome, and, at my intercession, had spared. This notwithstanding, I was at some pain to discover the content of the right hand of the African, which he held concealed; and, as I signed to the Shaykh, I seized the Maghrabi by the wrist. Hamid secured him in an instant; and the visitor, uttering no sound, let fall to the floor of the Majlis a small volume of which the boy Mohammed took immediate possession.

Matters stood so an instant, until the visitor, casting me off, leaped backward upon Hamid, throwing the Shaykh to the floor and himself forth the house. Him I saw not again; though the Maula, Ali, accosted by me before Yaum Arafat, swore that his follower had long since departed Meccah, "verily, as Allah is grateful and omniscient."

The boy Mohammed with some of his quondam sullenness held to the volume, though I was instant with him, snatching it; whereat Hamid, now risen, called upon his great ancestor, "the Clarified-Butter Seller," in witness to the depraved and disobeying young. Assailed thus in his own tenor, the boy Mohammed departed to dally with the wife of the Persian.

"Verily," said I to the Shaykh, "this is in the writing of the Franks."

"Even so," said he. "It is the will of Allah that this should be unprofitable to thee, Y'al-Hajj." And, turning from me, he seated himself at the further corner of the divan.

I was left to the society which I most desired—my own. The volume was not without interest. It had been found, I surmise, by my late visitor, the "Sarrazin" himself, within the confines of his own "Sarra." The inscription, so far as it was legible, comprised, in their order, the letters R i t c h ; and the title-page, on which solely, toward the middle, a few words remained decipherable, seemed to have this signification:

"****** retched metre of an ant *******" (1).

(1) The volume is now in the hands of my colleague in Sind, Col. T. Warburton (of the Bombay army). The nature and extent of the power attributed to it by the Maghrabi is unknown. Nothing is more remarkable than the superstition of these people.

"ARJEH."

Although this is much the cleverest entry of the week it must be denied the prize in favor of *Helen M. Gethman's* much more convincing account. She was shrewd enough to avoid the original discovery and her nobly impudent letter, in its quotations, catches the epistolary tone of the mid-nineteenth century.

THE PRIZEWINNING ACCOUNT

My dear Mr. Davison:

My attention has been called to the Haydon quotation concerning Keats, which appears on your page for October 29. Undoubtedly you intend the subject to be treated humorously, but it may interest you, in view of future competition, to know that I have in my possession the manuscript which tells of the actual recovery of the Ritchie-Keats volume, as well as the manuscript criticism of the *Blackwood* review of June 17, 1818, which motivated Keats's remark.

H. R. Ritchie, elder brother of Raymond Ritchie, W. M. Thackeray's son-in-law, was my grandfather. He was interested in collating the family correspondence, especially that of the poet, Herbert Ritchie, who held a government post in Cairo for forty years. Although seeking the first edition of Herbert Ritchie's poems, which had been published in Cairo in 1790, my grandfather, while in Cairo in 1849, took pains to trace the Keats volume, which George Ritchie, mentioned by Haydon, had spoken of in one of his letters, indicating that it was being included in his "paraphernalia, that I may do in earnest what John demanded in jest, and write him thereof."

I quote verbatim from my grandfather's letter which will appear in my own article on the Ritchie-Keats volume in the January number of the *Modern Language Journal of Documents*.

My dear brother:

The gods have smiled! The Ritchie-Keats is mine! The cover is entirely white and there is no printing on it nor on the edges of some of the pages, due to this hideous sunlight! The pages are stiff as parchment, but it is the original! The inscription, "Dryness to Drought!" is certainly George Ritchie's.

How did I find it? Duty, Raymond, and Aunt Olivia's brasses. For weeks there has been only Shakespeare or Mrs. Radcliffe in the shops, but today I stopped for the belated purchase of the brasses, looked about as always, for something printed, and there it was—a support for a lop-sided bowl of incense! God bless Aunt Olivia!

HENRY.

We have retained the manuscript intact, as well as the Ritchie-Keats volume, although my grandfather's notes have never been put into form. I rather regret that a subject of such importance should be the basis of a "Wits' " competition.

Very truly yours,
HELEN M. GETHMAN.

RULES

(Competitors failing to comply with rules will be disqualified.)

1. Envelopes should be addressed to "The Competitions Editor, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th street, New York City." The number of the competition (e.g., "Competition 1") must be written on the top left-hand corner. 2. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. 3. *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Points of View

On Printing

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Recently, in the columns under "Points of View," I read a letter to the editor of the *Review* by Mr. Clifford H. Bissell, of Berkeley, California, relative to present-day printing. Now, I believe, that had Mr. Bissell perused this before posting it he would doubtless have changed certain phrases of his letter, however slightly his mind.

Frankly, I am not a critic, nor, in my opinion, is Mr. Bissell. But Mr. Bissell has protested. He contended—without accomplishing and without making a thorough job of it.

To answer the question in the first paragraph of Mr. Bissell's letter,—Why is present-day printing so bad?—is an easy matter indeed, and a simple one as well. "How and why?" you interrupt, perhaps, concurring in Mr. Bissell's belief, whatever it may be. It is noticeable that there is no mention of the great volume of present-day printing. Certainly, Mr. Bissell has prepared himself for this by creating opposite views to offset the point. The inventions, he will say, and the trade have increased with the volume of business. But not proportionately, Mr. Bissell. Far from it! The modern machinery, we will admit, has a lot to do with it, but it is the vast amount of business, chiefly, the public demand (and the public does not wait) for newer ideas, different and better books, which causes the apparently increasing number of errors, especially typographical. Taking into consideration the numberless literary aspirants who come to life each year, it is a difficult task when we come to terrorize the publishers. Typographical errors are not nearly so detrimental to life and literature as grammatical ones; I believe Mr. Bissell will agree. They are quite detestable as he intimates, also disfiguring and displeasing to the sight, but they should involve less criticism than phrases poorly constructed. Though, we concur completely in Mr. Bissell's idea that the typographical errors should be reduced to the minimum. But a minimum will never be established until the public tires of literature and art and that is very unlikely.

I suppose that because we choose to be a little careful in some of our expressions, it is up to Mr. Bissell to tell us "where to sell our wares." It is well known that certain expressions quoted in his letter are taught us from childhood and, therefore, their usage surely cannot be considered as pedantry, and Mr. Bissell is entirely wrong in attributing such. In his argument he too technically opposes the accepted principles of the observant public. The phrases, "an historian," "an harmonic," "an hour," "an hotel," etc., especially, are phrases from our everyday tongue, and if we were not all to follow the long formulated rules or, rather, principles of usage, if you perfer, it would appear to be the same as disregarding the laws of nature when nature is our theme. That is not all; especially, in elocution the speaker has to pick carefully his phrases in order to make his point telling, impressive, and clear. And, it must not be overlooked that the voice only sounds best by using the right combination of words. To prove this, let our friends say the two combinations aloud, "an historian" and "a historian," for example. There is no doubt that he will choose the former without reckoning. "Why?" you interpose. Simply because the former combination has the milder effect, it attracts the attention of the reader or speaker by its smoothness of sound, for the "h" (contradicting Mr. Bissell again) certainly is silent when an "an" is used before it. There is no law in grammar which plainly says so excepting in a case or two. General usage, however, allows us the privilege of dropping the initial "h" entirely after "an."

As I stated before, Mr. Bissell has failed to complete his errand. While he was at it I cannot understand how he overlooked the suffix "ism" and, using his expression again, the "present-day" usage of so many seemingly avoidable compound words. There are numerous other faults but one cannot afford to abuse his or her prerogative by being so technically perfect.

With the last paragraph of Mr. Bissell's letter, concerning the misspelling of certain words, I concur without argument. When an author, as he says, or anyone deliberately misspells place names, it is "high time" to put a stop to it. If we live in America, let us do as the Americans. A shake, Mr. Bissell!

WILLIAM M. YOUNG.

Ingersoll Letters

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

Sir: I am collecting the letters of my grandfather, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, with a view to publishing them in the near future; and I will be most grateful if any persons having letters of my grandfather in their possession will send me copies of same, or the originals which I will gladly copy myself and return promptly to the lenders.

MRS. INGERSOLL SWASEY,
Riverside, Connecticut.

Disagreeable Fiction

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Deliver me from *disagreeable fiction.*

A reviewer said, not long ago: "Like the rest of the country, the Middle West keeps grinding out dreary fiction." This sounds like pessimism, but a glance at the reviews occupying the more prominent positions in our critical journals would seem to justify it. For example, a recent novel widely advertised and extensively reviewed was "Mantrap," by Sinclair Lewis. What sort of stuff was it? (1) The hero—a man to whom life under any circumstances was misery, more or less. This man is isolated with a male friend who makes it his affair to intensify his misery tenfold. Escaping from this situation, he plunges into another that makes the first seem happiness by comparison. (2) The heroine—a raging, cursing, whiskey-drinking hell-cat, with the manners of the gutter and the morale of—better-not-specify-what. (3) The author—his portrait shows a face whose every line expresses sneering sarcasm. With such a hero, such a heroine, and such an author, we have a story about as delightful as an attack of delirium tremens.

Another printed horror, published a little earlier in the season, was "No More Parades," having for its principal character Christopher, a man whose wife "deliberately took another lover, the grossest, the most insulting she could find, to torture him." That was not enough. Christopher is next shown "in the shadow of the major obscenity of the trenches," where his wife "appears in the camp to torture him afresh." Her incredible malice brings about a bed-room scene, etc., etc. Faugh!

About the same time appeared "Mated," by Wallace Irwin. If "Mated" be a true account of married life, then thank Heaven I'm a bachelor.

"Black Valley" was another novel whose pages reeked with human wretchedness. So was "Rough Justice."

One might multiply instances *ad libitum* and *ad nauseam*, but enough have been given to justify the reviewer quoted at the commencement of this letter. I have mentioned only a few notable instances from a torrent of disagreeable books that have been pouring from the presses of late. And it is quite useless to remind me that I don't have to read them. I don't. The reviews are enough.

It seems to be the fashion nowadays to slur all fiction that idealizes and inspires. I presume that if "Monsieur Beaucaire" were offered for publication today, it would be condemned as "sorry trash." But as for me, give me *agreeable* fiction—fiction which idealizes and yet keeps its background and action true to life. Richard Harding Davis could write such stories, but he is dead and gone. Scott Fitzgerald is one of the few authors left who have escaped the current infection; most of his stories are of happy people, to whom life is a pleasure. Needless to say, he is a favorite of mine.

Once in a while I see a review of an agreeable story; for instance, "The Scamp," by Virgil Markham. "A fine first novel, which stands well above the average in romantic yarns," was a critic's comment. I wish we had more such stories. It's high time, for of late there has been a distressful overproduction of the other sort.

ROGER SPRAGUE
Imola, California.

175,000 REASONS WHY "TRANSITION"
WILL DURANT'S NEW MENTAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY IS
THE BIG BOOK OF THE YEAR!

BECAUSE

TRANSITION, this new mental autobiography by WILL DURANT, just published, has been awaited by the 175,000 readers for whom WILL DURANT made philosophy live and dance and sing ~ ~ *Because* the advance sale of TRANSITION was exactly ten times as large as the advance sale of THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY ~ ~ *Because* in TRANSITION, according to Ernest Sutherland Bates in "The Saturday Review of Literature," "Dr. Durant voices the deepest philosophic urge of his age ~ ~ Durant writes of Durant as interestingly as he writes of others" ~ ~ *Because* (we still quote from America's leading critical weekly) "in TRANSITION there are certain passages which may well bear comparison for sheer literary power with anything in contemporary literature ~ ~ All in all, TRANSITION is to be enjoyed, then pondered, then again enjoyed" ~ ~ *Because*, according to JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, writing in "Books" of "The New York Herald Tribune," "Dr. Durant here does for himself what in the STORY OF PHILOSOPHY he has done with such brilliant success for Plato, Kant, Spencer, Croce, and the rest of the great philosophers" ~ ~ *Because* (we still quote from John Haynes Holmes). "TRANSITION is a thrilling story—in many ways a heroic one. Durant tells it with an *elan* which is contagious. I picked it up with groans on a night when I was sick in bed with a headache, sore throat and 102 degrees fever and finished it with shouts before the bed lamp was extinguished."

TRANSITION, *A Mental Autobiography, by* WILL DURANT—$3.00 *everywhere*
SIMON AND SCHUSTER, *Publishers*, 37 West 57th Street, New York City

WILL DURANT
author of
The Story of Philosophy AND *Transition*

FLASHES
from
TRANSITION
A Mental Biography
The new book by
WILL DURANT

"AFTER all, what does it matter what price we pay for love?"

* * *

"I THRILL yet at the mention of His name, and hunger yet for the ideal life He wishes mankind to live; if to love Him and hear Him gladly is to be a Christian, then, sceptic and pagan though I be, I am a Christian, too, and Christ is still my God."

* * *

"IN the inexhaustible activity of the atom, in the endless resourcefulness of plants, in the teeming fertility of animals, in the hunger and movement of infants, in the laughter and play of children, in the love and devotion of youth, in the restless ambition of fathers and the life-long sacrifice of mothers, in the undiscourageable researches of scientists and the sufferings of genius, in the crucifixion of prophets and the martyrdom of saints—in all things I saw the passion of life for growth and greatness, the drama of everlasting creation."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Letter from Germany

By Augustus de Lowis of Menar

IT is a difficult as well as a delightful task to chronicle German literary developments for the *Saturday Review of Literature*. The success of such an attempt must depend upon the ability of the writer to establish sympathetic contact with his readers, and I must admit to some trepidation on my part as to my power to do so. However, as the German proverb says, "To the courageous belongs the world," and in that faith I shall let my thoughts fly across the Atlantic. In these days one is no longer lonely on that route.

In literature, indeed, as in aviation it is true that we get more frequent visits from you than you do from us. We have a fairly good idea in Europe of your older and even of your contemporary writers, especially in Germany where the 3,000 large and small publishers keep a sharp lookout for American books and bring out in translation all the popular successes and occasionally even works of authors who have not yet made their reputations. From New York to San Francisco, however, there is far less familiarity with German book production than there is in Germany with the publications of the United States. It is only in the most recent years, indeed, since a few courageous American publishers have taken it upon themselves to issue translations from the German, that Americans have become even slightly interested in contemporary German literature.

Germany itself is at the moment most hospitable to translations from foreign literatures. The people are naturally anxious to catch up with what they perforce neglected during the war period. Indeed, there are some to be found who maintain that in the welter of translations the German writer is suffering. So far as the theatre at least is concerned, there is small doubt that this is true. In the field of the novel and the short story it does not yet hold, for the demand for good fiction from publishers, newspapers, and periodicals is so great that any well-written romance can count with certainty upon finding publication. As a matter of fact, the publishers' complaint is that there is a dearth of good novels, exciting tales, and short stories, and that it is for that reason that they are forced to fall back upon translations. The interest in Galsworthy, to take one instance, has in no way declined, though that in the Russians seems to be dead. In the Americans, especially Sherwood Anderson and Sinclair Lewis, it is very much alive.

If I am to give Americans any accurate insight into present-day German literature I must preface my specific remarks with the statement that there are today no sharply marked tendencies, no preoccupation with definite problems, no absorption in psychological complexities. I have reference now of course only to the best literature, for the popular sort naturally panders to the craving for excitement, presenting exotic scenes and people who with the assistance of the most modern technique pass through adventures remarkable but nevertheless wearisome in the telling. Even in the more meritorious tales one searches fruitlessly for types, for fiction is given over to interest in personalities.

To begin with an outstanding example of this intimate art, let me call attention to Thomas Mann's charming little tale entitled "Unordnung und Frühes Leid" (Berlin: Fischer-Verlag). This sketch of German family life in the worst period of national inflation was one of the books most in demand at the Christmas season of 1926. Under the delightful prattle in which the writer sets forth the events of a day in the life of a German university professor and his family, lurk a skilful irony and a melancholy, shot through with humor, that has as its subject the chaos of the post-war period and its results in the free deportment of the younger generation which in its own way is meeting the narrowed conditions of a middle-class household. Doubtless there is much that is autobiographical in this sketch, especially in those scenes in which the five-year-old girl, so passionately loved by her father, is the leading figure. The detailed portrayal which the author indulges in here gives him opportunity to employ every resource of a careful style. His concentration upon the objective militates against prolixity, and in this regard these brief tales stand out in sharp contrast to the "Magic Mountain." I recommend them for this reason with special warmth to the foreign reader.

A powerful impression was created this year by a novel entitled "Der Teufel" (Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlagsanstalt), by the Munich writer, Alfred Neumann—an impression for which it was easy to account on the ground that the German reading public is easily captured by the idea of a superior will to power and a relentless ambition in the political field. It is conceivable that Neumann's romance, which is shortly to be translated into English, may meet with the favor that has been accorded Lion Feuchtwanger's "Jud Süss" ("Power"), a book that for months has been a best-seller in England.

"Der Teufel" plays in the fifteenth century at the time of Louis XI, founder of the French monarchy. Oliver Necker, the king's counselor, his brother in spirit and friend, is known to the people as the "Devil." He desires as whole-heartedly as does his monarch unbounded power for the latter, and sacrifices everything for him, even his own beloved wife whose shameful death he takes upon himself in order to secure the perpetuation of the kingdom. The romance is grandiose in conception, a portrayal of spiritual strife done with remarkable intensity and producing its most powerful effects through its terse and forceful dialogue. It is small wonder that it was awarded the Kleist Prize, the most important of German literary prizes.

Neumann's novel, "König Haber" (Stuttgart: Engelhorns Romanbibliothek), deals with a similar problem of the will to power. The book created a sensation when it first ran serially in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, for its central incident was resognized as an actual episode which had taken place at the court of the grand-duchy of Baden. Its hero, the Jewish banker, Baron von Haber, becomes the political ruler of the country, but ends, as does the "Devil," after unbearable suffering, as the most hated person in the land. Technically "König Haber" is superior to the "Teufel," for its concentrated form enhances its effectiveness, and its dialogue is polished to the greatest brilliance.

Another noteworthy novel by Neumann, who at the time it was written was still entirely unknown, is "Die Bruder" (Wien-Warnsdorf: Strache). The story is laid in the present, and revolves about a swindler and demi-mondaine, who induces her lover, a bank official, to commit fraud in order that she may live in the world of luxury. In contrast to the historical romances, the personalities of the women in this tale stand out with sharpness and strength, particularly the figure of the sister-in-law of the defrauder through whom the tragedy of the aging, unattractive wife is accomplished.

I should like to call the attention of readers of the *Saturday Review* to the Prague writer, Max Brod, who has made a reputation with several novels, "Tycho Brahes Weg zu Gott," "Reubeni," a romance of the Renaissance, "Leben mit einer Gottin," to name but a few. Brod is a representative of that vanished Austria in which a temple could be erected in worship of a beautiful woman—a gesture that has become unthinkable in the days of misery following upon the war. His most recent tale, "Die Frau Nach Der Man Sehnt" (Berlin-Vienna: Zolnay), is, however, in very truth a monument to love and to all-regardless passion, as well as an act of confession and resignation, for Brod says in the course of his tale: "We cannot sustain real love, we are too weak. It is only the enfeeblements of love that we are able to sustain." That is a very outmoded, perhaps too-Austrian remark which is credibly placed in the mouth of a former officer of the Austrian army. Side by side with its undertone of resignation, the novel has some striking excellences, —profound insight into the feminine soul and into the eternal conflict between male and female, and full appreciation of the miracle of a single, engrossing love.

I wish to end my letter, however, not on this tale, but with a brilliant, gay book, in the best sense German, and of genuine artistic merit. Its author, Leonhard Frank, draws his characters from the homes of the small, old university town of Würzburg, and from a middle-class environment. He paints in "Das Ochsenfurther Mannerquartett" (Leipzig: Inselverlag) in part the same people whom he depicted as boys with their games, their adventures, and their distresses, in his entertaining "Die Räuberbande" (1914). Frank shows these citizens waging a brave fight against the grinding power of agricultural conditions in the impoverished land. Yet just as interspersed among the old houses of the city of Würzburg are wonderful Gothic churches, and just as the narrow streets yield sudden open views of the most beautiful residence palaces in Germany, so interwoven into the souls of these modest South-German citizens is the inclination to happiness, the fondness for beauty, art and humor only lightly overlaid by the starkness of the time. And in amongst the care-ridden fathers and mothers is springing up a young race, which with clear eyes, and trusting to its own instinct, is reaching out to full stature. A sportsmanly boxing-match in the marketplace between two students—something inconceivable in the old Germany—symbolizes this new, eager youth in its battle with outworn inheritances.

Leonhard Frank develops his exciting plot, in which many persons are involved, and which is complicated by murder and a delicate love story, in buoyant fashion. He employs the technique of the screen, eliminating transitional passages, developing his story mainly through dialogue, shifting his scene from place to place, and introducing extraneous incident. The reader's attention is thereby put under unusual strain, but it is nevertheless constantly held. The plastic, telling style of the author, and a keen, understanding humor lift his book to a high plane of art. May a kind fate preserve it from the movies!

Houghton Mifflin Company

TOVT BIEN OV RIEN

EUROPEAN SKYWAYS

By Lowell Thomas

"A narrative chock full of astonishing facts about the most romantic of all transport lanes, the new airways of the Old World. Yet it is as thrilling as fiction. Adventure lurks behind every cloud-bank: and there is a cloudbank on every page."—*Howard Mingos. Illustrated with remarkable airplane photographs.* $5.00.

ETAH AND BEYOND

By Donald B. MacMillan

This is the fascinating narrative of Commander MacMillan's expedition beyond the Arctic Circle in 1923-1924. It is filled with a vast fund of graphic information about the far North and is at the same time a thrilling story of personal achievement and daring. *Superbly illustrated.* $5.00.

Coming the Rose
Eric Shepherd
"The mantle of the late Henry Harland has descended on Shepherd's shoulders." $2.00

Topsy Turvy
Vernon Bartlett
Tales of a post-war Europe with ears only for jazz and thoughts for pleasure. $3.00

The Third Book of Modern Verse
Jessie B. Rittenhouse
A superb anthology of selections from the work of over 150 outstanding modern poets. $2.00

By Rafael Sabatini

The Nuptials of Corbal

"A glowing, animated enjoyable tale and an admirable character study. One lays the book aside with the regret that it is not longer."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* Holiday edition. Illustrated in color by Harold Brett. $2.50

Seven Strings of the Lyre
Elizabeth Schermerhorn
George Sand's romantic life, her seven chief lovers, and her search for a perfect love. Illus. $4.00

'So You're Going to France!'
Clara E. Laughlin
Like its predecessors "as necessary as a passport; a guide, philosopher and friend." Illus. $3.00

Strenuous Italy
H. Nelson Gay
A brilliant and authentic survey of the problems Italy faces under Mussolini. $3.00

The Heart of Thoreau's Journals
Edited by Odell Shepard
"In their present form the Journals have the aptitude and pungency of 'Walden' itself, and must soon rival it for those who like to have him always conveniently within reach. . . . It is perhaps the finest popular thing that has been done in modern English typography."—*Lewis Mumford* in *The New York Herald Tribune.* $3.00.

Shelley: His Life And Work
By Walter Edwin Peck
A brilliant new study of "Mad Shelley" that is "singularly dispassionate, and yet not colorless. He has opinions, but he does not obtrude them. His attitude to Shelley is kind, but not condescending. As a chronicler of great learning and lucidity, Professor Peck is admirable."—*Virginia Woolf. 2 volumes, illustrated.* $12.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN PAINTING. By *Royal Cortissoz*. Macmillan. $12.50.

A SHORT CRITICAL HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE. By *H. Heathcote Statham*. Revised by G. Maxwell Aylwin. Scribners. $5.50.

Belles Lettres

HAPPINESS. By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS. Dutton. 1927. $1.

This is a pleasant essay in a tiny volume. Professor Phelps is always suave and agreeable. He has a large audience. He has associated himself in the minds of many with "Uplift." He is anything but a profound thinker.

CONVERSATION. By OLIVE HAZELTONE. Dutton. 1927. $3.

The title of this book is attractive, but the book itself only moderately interesting. One can conceive of a history or study of the art of conversation sociologically significant, or anecdotally curious, or perhaps both, but this does not seem to be either. But it is readable. The last three chapters, on the Nineteenth Century, The Victorian and Modern Conversation, are entertainingly decorated with various examples of the art and its practice.

HEAVENLY DISCOURSE. By CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD. Vanguard Press, Inc. 1927. 50 cents.

This volume by the author of the too little known "Poet in the Desert" will appeal to readers of Rabelaisian tastes. It contains forty brief dialogues in Heaven—a few of which appeared in the old *Masses*—the speakers ranging from God, Jesus, and Satan through Voltaire, Franklin, Tom Paine, and others down to Roosevelt and Carrie Nation. Birth control, free love, consorship, the recent war, Bolshevism, the K. K. K., and other topics of more or less timely interest are discussed from the points of view of the various speakers, while the genial endeavors of God to meet the problem raised by the "falling off in immigration" add narrative and dramatic interest. The book revels in such titles as "Anthony Comstock in Heaven," "Billy Sunday Instructs God," "Denver Prays for Rain," "Bishop William Montgomery Brown Enters Heaven," "Charles Evans Hughes Visits Heaven Without a Passport and Is Deported." Mr. Wood has entirely eschewed the gorgeous rhetoric found in his verse; his style is here colloquial and jazzed to the limit. The merriment is sometimes uproarious, more often sardonic, only occasionally is it forced or flat. There is a serious Foreword by Floyd Dell, comparing the author to Aristophanes, Lucian, *et al.* The drawings by Art Young add materially to the joy of the book. It should be noted, however, that the Frontispiece is by Hugo Gellert and is not a portrait of God but an excellent portrait of C. E. S. Wood.

DE NIGHT IN DE FRONT FROM CHREESMAS. By MILT GROSS. Doran. 1927. $1.

Milt Gross, the exploiter of the convulsing dialect of the Americo-Yiddish, has given us in book-form, and in rapid succession, "Nize Baby," "Hiawatta," and "Dunt Esk!" We enjoy his writing no less than his drawing, and "Hiawatta" was a veritable masterpiece of adaptation. Gross is the best journalistic "cuckoo" draughtsman since Rube Goldberg. He looks like Charlie Chaplin and he writes as Charlot might write with the same background, and, of course, provided that Chaplin ever wrote anything except cheques. Milt Gross has now become an American institution in the field of American humor, and the patch in that field over which he assumes squatter sovereignty is his by every right. He is master of his own lingo and his own line. "De Night in de Front from Chreesmas" is slighter than his other books but it contains its own modicum of highly individualized amusement.

THE WINGED HORSE. By *Joseph Auslander* and *Frank Ernest Hill*. Doubleday, Page. $3.50 net.

CITIES AND MEN. By *Ludwig Lewisohn*. Harpers. $2.50.

LITERARY BLASPHEMIES. By *Ernest Boyd*. Harpers. $2.50.

THE STORY OF LITERATURE. By *Sidney Gunn*. Sears. $3.50.

SHELLEY. By *Melvin T. Solve*. University of Chicago Press. $3.

ESSAYS OF THE PAST AND PRESENT. Selected by Warner Taylor. Harpers. $2.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S NOVELS ON THE STAGE. By *Henry Adelbert White*. Yale University Press.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION. By *Elizabeth Benson*. Greenberg. $1.50.

TEXAS AND SOUTHWESTERN LORE. Edited by J. Frank Dobie. Austin, Texas: Texas Folk-Lore Society.

FOUNDATIONS OF ENGLISH STYLE. By *Paul M. Fulcher*. Crofts.

NINE ESSAYS. By *Arthur Platt*. Cambridge University Press. Macmillan.

GRAND RIGHT AND LEFT. By *Stoddard King*. Doran. $1.50.

THE BRONTE SISTERS. By *Ernest Dimnet*. Translated by Louise Morgan Sill. London: Cape.

LATER AMERICAN WRITERS. By *Leonidas Warren Payne, Jr.* Rand McNally.

DITHYRAMB TRAGEDY AND COMEDY. By *A. W. Pickard*. Cambridge: Oxford. $6.

Biography

CONFESSIONS OF AN AUTHOR'S WIFE. Bobbs-Merrill. 1927. $2.50.

This is a very human book, written by a woman with insight, intrepidity, and humor. As the wife of a writer at first struggling, and then successful, but naturally absorbed in his work, she has had her own work cut out for her. But she was evidently possessed from the first of energy, commonsense, and, above all, an appetite for life. She writes well, naturally, and amusingly. She is full of observation, lively anecdote, and a keen if affectionate understanding of her husband's temperament. Her story of the growth of her life with him, of the establishment of her family, of the rational working-basis upon which they now proceed, is refreshing. This is really the story of a "good sport" in the best sense of the word; but also a woman with a personality and a mind of her own.

The writer's husband is to be congratulated, as well as the writer. Tact, understanding, a genuine interest in the difficulties of a literary career, a quick appreciation of the absurd, an ability to keep the machinery of the household oiled and in order while "genius burns,"—what more could an author ask of his wife? Hers is a life of intelligent devotion and she can write of it in high spirits, with sparkle. The husband of whom she writes may or may not be a great literary figure. He should certainly be a reasonably happy man. She "gives him rope," she "appreciates," and she sees him as he is.

LETTERS OF RICHARD WAGNER. Selected and edited by Wilhelm Altmann. Dutton. 2 vols.

TALLEYRAND. By *Anna Bowman Dodd*. Putnam. $5.

HENRY THOREAU: THE COSMIC YANKEE. By *J. Brooks Atkinson*. Knopf. $2.50.

GEORGE SAND. By *Marie Jenney Howe*. Day. $5.

FRANCIS JOSEPH. By *Eugene Bagger*. Putnam. $5.

LETTERS OF MADAME DE SEVIGNE. Selected by Richard Aldington. Brentanos. 2 vols. $8.50.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF SACCO AND VANZETTI. By *Eugene Lyons*. International. $1.50.

THE PORTRAIT OF A BANKER. By *Anna Robeson Burr*. Duffield. $5 net.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHN ENGLAND. By *Peter Guilday*. New York: America Press. 2 vols.

D. L. MOODY. By *Gamaliel Bradford*. $3.50 net.

MY LIFE IN ADVERTISING. By *Claude C. Hopkins*. Harpers. $3.

THE GIRL IN WHITE ARMOR. By *Albert Bigelow Paine*. Macmillan. $2.50.

LIVES OF THE MOST REMARKABLE CRIMINALS. Edited by Arthur L. Hayward. Dodd, Mead. $6.

VISCOUNT LEVERHULME. By his son. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

DICKENS DAYS IN BOSTON. By *Edward F. Payne*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

AUTHORS AND OTHERS. By *Anice Page Cooper*. Doubleday, Page.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE MARSHAL DUKE OF RICHELIEU. Brentanos. $4.

THE SECRET MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHESS D' ABRANTES. Edited by Robert Chantemesse. Translated by Eric Sutton. Brentanos. $5.

PAUL: THE JEW. By the Author of "By an Unknown Disciple." Doran. $2 net.

(*Continued on next page*)

The Authentic Life of

BILLY the KID

By Pat F. Garrett

Edited with Introduction By Maurice G. Fulton

THIS authentic story of Billy the Kid, told by the Sheriff who killed this most notorious of Western bad-men, will hit the bull's eye for those who admire courage, love daring and picturesque action, and enjoy a well-spun yarn of the old frontier.

At Your Dealer's $2.50

The Macmillan Co. New York

Just Published at

95 Cents a Copy

Five Important Additions to

THE MODERN LIBRARY

OF THE WORLD'S BEST BOOKS

SELECTED PAPERS OF BERTRAND RUSSELL

VOLUME NO. 137 — 95c — Chosen personally by Mr. Russell, and with a new preface by him. An ideal introduction to one of the greatest minds of the time.

THE ROMANCE OF LEONARDO DA VINCI

VOLUME NO. 138 — 95c — *By* **MEREJKOWSKI.** This is a new and unexpurgated translation by Bernard Guilbert Guerney. Previous editions have sold from three to ten dollars a copy.

EREWHON

VOLUME NO. 136 — 95c — *By* **SAMUEL BUTLER.** The shrewdest and most biting satire on modern life that Butler wrote. Lewis Mumford's introduction appears solely in the Modern Library edition.

JUDE THE OBSCURE

VOLUME NO. 135 — 95c — *By* **THOMAS HARDY.** The most typical of the "Wessex Novels" and the first edition ever published at a popular price.

THE IMPERIAL ORGY

VOLUME NO. 139 — 95c — *By* **EDGAR SALTUS.** The story of the Russian Tsars. With an introduction by Ben Ray Redman.

"TEN BEST SELLERS" in the MODERN LIBRARY

BUTLER'S WAY OF ALL FLESH.....(No. 13)
WILDE'S DORIAN GRAY.....(No. 1)
FRANCE'S THE RED LILY.....(No. 7)
HARDY'S RETURN OF THE NATIVE....(No. 121)
LEWIS DIN'S UPSTREAM.....(No. 123)
BEERBOHM'S ZULEIKA DOBSON.....(No. 116)
DOUGLAS' SOUTH WIND.....(No. 5)
GAUTIER'S MLLE. DE MAUPIN.....(No. 53)
ANDERSON'S WINESBURG, OHIO.....(No. 104)
MELVILLE'S MOBY DICK.....(No. 119)

COMPLETE, UNABRIDGED EDITIONS
LARGE TYPE · GOOD PAPER · LIMP BINDING · POCKET SIZE · 140 TITLES

95 cents a copy at every bookstore in America. (One dollar in Canada.)
Send for free illustrated catalogue describing all 140 titles.

MODERN LIBRARY, INC. · · 20 East 57th Street, New York

MODERN LIBRARY

Use this Coupon Today →

To YOUR BOOKSELLER, *or*
THE MODERN LIBRARY, INCORPORATED,
20 East 57th Street, New York City

Please mail me MODERN LIBRARY book Nos._____

☐ I enclose $1.00 for each volume (95c for the book, 5c for postage).
☐ Send books C. O. D.
☐ Please send me, free of charge, your new illustrated catalogue, describing all of the books in the Modern Library.

*Name*_____
*Address*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Biography

(*Continued from preceding page*)

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN. By *Herbert Sullivan* and *Newman Flower*.. Doran. $5.

A COLLECTION IN THE MAKING

By

Duncan Phillips

Two full color plates and 200 half tones from Foreign and American paintings in the Phillips Memorial Gallery

Price, $5.00

"THIS book represents the passion animating a collection of pictures unique in America. . . . There are spirited and penetrating estimates of each painter included."—H. J. SELIGMAN in *New York Sun.*

"MR. PHILLIPS has done his best work as a critic. The brief characterizations are excellent in their concision and suggestiveness. Joined with the lavish section of reproductions they afford a unique guidance to the appreciator who desires to comprehend how the best contemporary painting coheres with the great painting of the past."—VIRGIL BARKER in *The Arts.*

PHILLIPS MEMORIAL GALLERY
1218 *Connecticut Ave. Wash., D. C.*

or

E. WEYHE
794 *Lexington Ave., New York City*

SAINT FRANCIS. By *Seymour Van Santvoord*. Dutton. $1.50.

PETER, PRINCE OF APOSTLES. By *F. J. Foakes-Jackson*. Doran. $2.50 net.

THE PORTRAIT OF ZELIDE. By *Geoffrey Scott*. Scribners. $2.

JULIUS CAESAR AND THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME. By *Victor Thaddeus*. Brentanos. $5.

UP FROM THE CITY STREETS. By *Norman Hapgood* and *Henry Moskowitz*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Edited by Emanuel Hertz. Bloch. $5.

GILBERT, SULLIVAN AND D'OYLEY CARTE. By *François Cellier* and *Cunningham Bridgeman*. Pitman. $6.

STATESMAN AND FRIEND: Correspondence of John Adams with Benjamin Waterhouse. Edited by *Worthington Chauncey Ford*. Little, Brown. $3 net.

SULLA THE FORTUNATE. By *G. P. Baker*. Dodd, Mead. $5.

THE TRAGIC BRIDE. By *V. Poliakoff*. Appleton. $3.

REMINISCENCES OF PRESENT-DAY SAINTS. By *Francis Greenwood Peabody*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

THE CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE. Translated and annotated by *J. G. Pilkington*. Boni & Liveright.

THE INTERESTING THINGS IN LIFE

are those which combine pleasure, profit and service. Bookselling offers you the joy of working with books, financial gain, and the opportunity of filling a need in your community.

Write us for our free pamphlets on how to start a bookshop or circulating library.

BOOKSELLING INFORMATION SERVICE
ROOM 777S, 18 WEST 34TH ST.
NEW YORK

Fiction

THE ARRESTED MOMENT. By CHARES CALDWELL DOBIE. John Day. 1927. $2.50.

Mr. Dobie is the author of a novel published last season and a successful contributor of short stories to all the most popular American magazines. Twelve of his best pieces, ranging from the theatric title story to the gently playful "Wild Geese," have been collected in this volume. They are precisely what might be expected from such a source,—effective but not particularly distinguished tales with considerable popular appeal. Many of them are set in California or the western desert country, to which Mr. Dobie is obviously sympathetic, and of which he writes well. The chief qualities of his work appear to lie in the clarity of his narrative style, his picturesque feeling for color in description, and his keen melodramatic sense of climax. His favorite theme is sacrifice, and the sacrifice is generally of a monetary character. Practically all of his stories contain at least one character who trembles on the verge of being a villain, only to obey that impulse towards the good in the end. Within a limited field Mr. Dobie makes his points surely and unerringly.

THE PAUL STREET BOYS. By FERENC MOLNAR. Macy-Masius. 1927. $2.

In America Ferenc Molnar has been known for some time as the author of many successful sophisticated comedies and one really moving play, but his novels and stories have received little attention. Yet in the earlier part of his career he spent much time and labor in this field, and his reputation in Hungary is the higher for it. "The Paul Street Boys" belongs to this period, in which a naive emotionalism appears to have been his forte. It is the story of a gang of street children in Buda-Pesth, engaged in a deadly warfare with a rival band,—a warfare which turns out to be truly deadly when one of the boys, little Nemecsek, dies as the result of injuries received in the fighting. Much is made of the pathos of his case, his poor but honest parents, the visits of his comrades during the rather long drawn out death scene, and so forth. Though Molnar is here as successful at rousing the facile emotions as in "Liliom," the first chapters of the book are better done. His humor is, indeed, far above the sentimentalized stuff with which he pads out the tale. There is never anything approaching the high imaginative quality with which he invested much of "Liliom," but there is much that is pleasant and readable in his drama of the Buda-Pesth sidewalks. His children are warranted to appeal, and to be recognizable types in spite of their exotic background. It is not an important affair, but it will reveal to the curious what the cynical author of "The Guardsman" thinks about in his less worldly moments.

IDEALS. By EVELYN SCOTT. A. & C. Boni. 1927. $2.

There are five long character sketches in Mrs. Scott's new book, not one of which contains more than a single focussed narrative incident. She has attempted to suspend her five subjects in the midst of life rather than to animate them. Though she is lavish with details and background, she makes no attempt to tell a story in the conventional manner, preferring to leave the dramatic implications of each character for the reader to follow. She has been most successful with the women. Queenie Abrams, the buyer, and Mother Immaculate Heart, the youngest mother superior of her sisterhood, are truly lifelike portraits—and, better, they stand as significant types of the feminine mind. Her satiric undertone is perhaps her greatest asset. But, as in her recent novel "Migrations," Mrs. Scott is curiously lacking in finished craftsmanship. Though she has created her people out of real stuff, and studied them thoroughly, there are sudden inexplicable lapses from taste, thick writing, dulness to a degree often imperilling the entire conception. Mrs. Scott seems to be in Mr. Dreiser's case. She has been given sufficient vision and the energy to pass it on to us, but she has been denied the perfected means. Perhaps, as in Mr. Dreiser's work, this circumstance will prove of secondary importance.

A CITIZEN OF NOWHERE. By *Edith Ballinger Price*. Greenberg. $2.

THE MIDNIGHT KING. By *George Delamare*. Henkle. $2.

BLACK SHEEP'S GOLD. By *Beatrice Grimshaw*. Holt. $2.

THE PIONEER. By *J. Fenimore Cooper*. Macrae Smith.

LIMELIGHT. By *Howard Rockey*. Macrae Smith.

COUGARS AND COWBOYS. By *David M. Newell*. Century. $2.

THE MELODY OF DEATH. By *Edgar Wallace*. Dial. $2.

THE BULLFIGHTERS. By *Henry de Montherlant*. Dial. $2.50.

THE ORDEAL OF RICHARD FEVEREL. By *George Meredith*. (Modern Library). 95 cents net.

JEAN-CHRISTOPHE. By *Romain Rolland*. Holt. $5.

ENDS OF THINGS. By *Mary Dixon Thayer*. *Dutton*. $2.

CITY OF BREAD. By *Alexander Nemeroff*. Doran. $2.50.

THE BARKER. By *Kenyon Nicholson*. Doran. $2 net.

VESTAL FIRE. By *Compton Mackenzie*. Doran. $2.

THE PLACE CALLED DAGON. By *Herbert S. Gorman*. Doran. $2.50.

THREE STORIES. By *Mrs. Wilfrid Jackson*. Brentanos. $4.

CORUNNA ROAD. By *G. Wyndham Haslett*. Brentanos. $2.50.

Juvenile

The Children's Bookshop will run next week

TRAIL BLAZERS OF THE SKY. By JOHN PRENTICE LANGLEY. Barse & Hopkins. 1927.

This is an attempt to create a novel on the background of recent accomplishments in aeronautics. It is the first of a series of fantastic tales differing from the "Rover Boys," or Tom Swift's exploits, only in that the author has confined himself to experiences more nearly plausible. In the use of the inevitable blackguard who attempts to wreck plans, the mysterious benefactor, the dauntless and versatile hero, and of unsurpassable invention, all encumbered

an entirely new one-volume edition of a modern classic
A New Story of Mankind told in Wells' new text and a gallery of pictures
NEW PICTORIAL
OUTLINE of HISTORY
By H. G. WELLS
NEW TEXT: Much new material has been added to include the results of research in all fields, large sections have been rewritten and the whole work revised.
NEW ILLUSTRATIONS: More than 700 rare pictures and illustrations picked in a world-wide search for the right things.
NEW SIZE and BINDING: Made in a beautiful format, the book is easy to read and would be distinctive in any library.
NEW from COVER to COVER: The famous Outline is now an up-to-date, authoritative story of the world and a complete pictorial record of man's evolution.
Price $7.50—At Your Dealer's
The Macmillan Company
New York
the one gift book for everybody

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Crowell Books

For Little People

A Treasury of Tales for Little Folks

Edited by Marjory Bruce

A choice collection of old favorites such as children love. An inexhaustible supply of bed-time stories. Royally illustrated. $3.00

The Littlest One —His Book

By Marion St. John Webb

A fascinating book of verses about Buttercups, Fairies, and Children, with every page delightfully illustrated. $2.00

Goose Towne Tales

By Alice Lawton

Here we meet Tom the Piper's Son, Little Bo Peep, Old Mother Hubbard, the Women Who Lived in the Shoe, and everybody else worth knowing. Charmingly illustrated. $2.00

At All Bookstores

THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO
393 Fourth Avenue New York.

"Not an ordinary adventure story. It is forceful, colorful, dramatic from first to last."—Boston Transcript.

FRONTIER DUST

By John Lord

THE colorful new book tells the story of author's dramatic experiences in the West. Real first-hand pictures of Billy the Kid, Jesse James, Buffalo Bill and other famous personalities.

This book takes an evident and high place as a record of a time that cannot be reported at second hand. His narrative is at once valuable and convincing."—*Springfield Union.*

About everything that was to be seen in frontier days figures in Mr. Lord's stories. Such a collection deserves the art which has found its way into the printing and binding of this book."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

$2.50 *at Booksellers or from the Publisher*

EDWARD VALENTINE MITCHELL
27 Lewis Street Hartford, Connecticut

A new novel by the author of THE FARTHING SPINSTER

CATHERINE DODD

The poignant tale of a girl who lived down her heritage. "Charming--like a breath of perfume from a lovely old time garden." —*N.Y. Times.*

THREE SILENCES

At all bookstores $2.50

DORAN BOOKS

EARN PROMOTION AND COLLEGE CREDIT
through the
HOME-STUDY COURSES
in 40 different subjects given by
The University of Chicago
249 Ellis Hall, University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.

with cant phraseology, it is true to type. For the boy over ten years whose literary perspicuity has not been directed beyond this stage, it is satisfactory. The author's apparent knowledge of flying somewhat redeems it. But the appeal of action is the one literary device successfully used. It contains almost nothing in plot, character, style, or description.

SUPPOSE WE DO SOMETHING ELSE. By IMOGEN CLARK. Crowell. 1927. $2.

The mere idea of digging in a book for games to play may seem to destroy all sense of spontaneous fun, especially when so often the suggestions unearthed prove to be rather foolish or barren of real amusement. But it can be guaranteed that this particular collection is for the most part well chosen and really worth while, as well as unusually wide in its range. This means not only the range of age-interests —from children's amusements to pencil-games, puzzles, and letter-games that will tax adult ingenuity—but also a great variety of types. And there is a full and clear index which will save time in making plans. A section on riddles and on simple tricks and home-made puzzles should be specially mentioned, for it will start any aggressive small boy on a delighted career of conquest.

DIMPLE DIGGERS. By ROBIN CHRISTOPHER. New York: Elm House. 1927. $2.

Here are thirty child-poems by one who in the choice of a pen-name has rather traded on the success of A. A. Milne. But "Robin Christopher's" verse has its own merits, and his small book will prove pleasing to parents, with its illustrations by Gerta Ries. Most of these verses have appeared from time to time in *The Conning Tower*, conducted by "F. P. A." in the *New York World*. The actual author, whom we happen to have met, is a most unassuming gentleman with a decided sense of humor. We wish his book well because it has a personality of its own and a light and charming touch.

DRAKE'S QUEST. By *Cameron Rogers*. Doubleday, Page. $2.50.

TRAIL BLAZERS OF THE SKIES. By *John Prentice Langley*. Barse & Hopkins.

JOY AND PAIN. By *Dorothy Whitehill*. Barse & Hopkins.

JUST ONE MORE. By *Natalie Johnson Van Vleck*. Doubleday, Page. $2.50 net.

THE JINK SHIP. By *Howard Pease*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

THE CHILDREN'S PUNCH. Edited by *M. T. Bryan*. Scribners. $2.50.

FEODORA. By *Eleanore M. Jewett*. Barse & Hopkins.

HAT MAY. By *Lucy Thurston Abbott*. Barse & Hopkins.

THE TWO LITTLE FELLOWS. By *Josephine Lawrence*. Barse & Hopkins.

THE MERRY MEN OF ROBIN HOOD PATROL. By *Charles H. Lerrigo*. Barse & Hopkins.

IN THE RANKS OF OLD HICKORY. By *Edwin L. Sabin*. Lippincott. $1.75.

THE BOYS' BOOK OF AIRMEN. By *Irving Crump*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

THE CARTER CHILDREN IN FRANCE. By *Constance Johnson*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

JANNY. By *Jane Abbott*. Lippincott. $1.75.

NOLLCHUCKY JACK. By *John T. Faris*. Lippincott. $2.

A CAT BOOK. By *E. V. Lucas*. Harpers. $1.50.

LITTLE SISTER. By *Margaret Kyle*. Harpers.

A DAY WITH BETTY ANNE. By *Dorothy W. Baruch*. Harpers. $1.50.

LITTLE LUCY'S WONDERFUL GLOBE. By *Charlotte M. Yonge*. Harpers. $1.

THE PRINCESS WITH THE PEA-GREEN NOSE. By *E. H. Knatchbull-Hugessen*. Harpers. $1.

SAHARA ISLANDS. By *Warren Hastings Miller*. Harpers. $1.75.

Miscellaneous

BRITISH WAR FINANCE. By *Henry F. Grady*. Columbia University Press. $5.

THE CONGRESSIONAL CONFERENCE COMMITTEE. By *Ada C. McCown*. Columbia University Press. $4.50.

LEGISLATIVE FUNCTIONS OF NATIONAL ADMINISTRATIVE AUTHORITIES. By *John Preston Comer*. Columbia University Press. $4.

Brief Mention

THIS week our shelf is a shelf of poetry. There is a contention that volumes of poetry should never be reviewed in a group. But if every book of poetry that is published were to be given a separate review by itself, the *Saturday Review*, at least, would have to publish a thirty-page number every week. A great deal of poetry comes into our office which truly merits only brevity. And that does not mean that the poetry is necessarily entirely devoid of distinction.

Two purely poetry publishers here present a group of their own poets. That statement must be slightly amended in the case of Mr. Harold Vinal who is now branching out into the publishing of prose. But Mr. Vinal started as a publisher purely of poetry. Mr. Henry Harrison, it would

(*Continued on next page*)

"As a collection of literary masterpieces . . . it is a two-inch bookshelf."—*John Macy, in the Nation.*

THE COPELAND READER

AN ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH PROSE AND VERSE

Chosen and edited, with an introduction, by

C. T. COPELAND

Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard University

1700 pages of selections covering the whole range of English and American literature up to the present day. An incomparable treasury of good reading.

"The introduction is rendered additionally attractive by the inclusion of some of Professor Copeland's little literary studies, all of which are marvels of brevity and pithiness."—*Edwin Björkman, in the Asheville Times.*

"There isn't any $10.00 worth of literature in the world which contains so much for the money."—*William Allen White, in the Emporia Gazette.*

"It should have a place in the reading-room of every home, to be picked up night after night and explored."—*Providence Journal.*

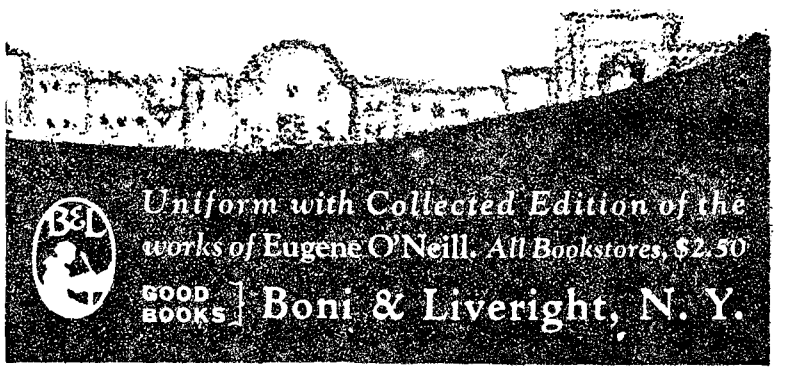
Second Large Edition. At all bookstores. $10.00

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS NEW YORK

THE NEW PLAY BY "THE FIRST AMERICAN to make an international contribution to dramatic literature."—*Walter Prichard Eaton*

LAZARUS LAUGHED

by EUGENE O'NEILL



Uniform with Collected Edition of the works of Eugene O'Neill. *All Bookstores, $2.50*

GOOD BOOKS Boni & Liveright, N. Y.

A Monument to the Old Ford

Some day, not too far distant, the new American becoming past-conscious of the dim dear days of 1914-1926 will subscribe heavily to the fund for erecting a fitting monument to the Model T, that its romance may not quite pass away or be forgotten. As the prairie schooner was to the 49ers, so old Model T is to the pioneers of this century.

Now . . . Throw Your Wit Into the Ring

Wax poetic in eightlines of rhymed verse in the form of an epigram, and win competition No. 7 in the WITS WEEKLY CONTEST being conducted by Mr. Edward Davidson. The prize for the best contribution is $15, cash money . . . entries to reach this office not later than Nov. 21.

And This Is Only One

of the weekly competitions Mr. Davidson is cooking up to try your skill, your wit, your knowledge and your patience. Two prizes of $15 each are announced each week . . . the fourth competition winners are announced in this issue . . . so far the winners have been dark horses.

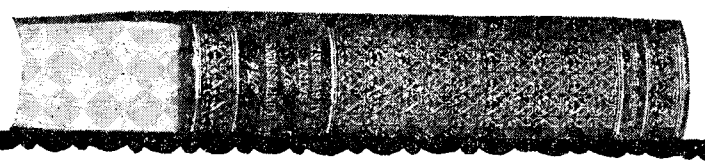
Published and Paid For

are the prize winning poems, extracts and other competition puzzles set by Mr. Davidson. Enter the WITS WEEKLY contests today.

In Case

you don't get the Saturday Review regularly, why not send in $1 and we'll mail it to you on trial subscription for 3 months (13 issues).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



AT LAST . . . A FINE LIBRARY EDITION of the GREATEST AUTOBIOGRAPHY in the WORLD'S LITERATURE

THE

CONFESSIONS of ST. AUGUSTINE

In the famous Pilkington Version

ST. AUGUSTINE was one of the four great fathers of the Latin Church. He was a native of Numidia in Northern Africa. His youth was spent in wild self indulgence. At the age of 41 he became a Christian convert and began this beautiful and intimate book of self confession which was to add literary immortality to the immortal place he holds in history.

A brochure on all the volumes of the Black & Gold Library, will be sent on request. Address:
Boni & Liveright,
61 W. 48 St., N. Y.

Octavo. Black and gold binding

GOOD B&L BOOKS

At all booksellers $3.50

BONI AND LIVERIGHT, N. Y.

The OUTLINE of Man's KNOWLEDGE

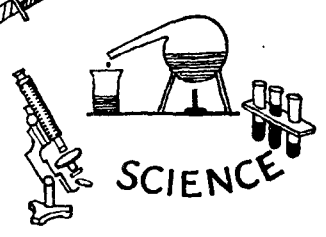
by CLEMENT WOOD

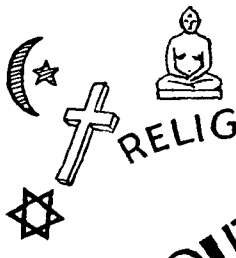
THE story of how the vast tree of human knowledge sprouted from the seed of primitive man's curiosity—threw out six huge main branches—and grew stupendously for five million years—is the most absorbing romance in the world.

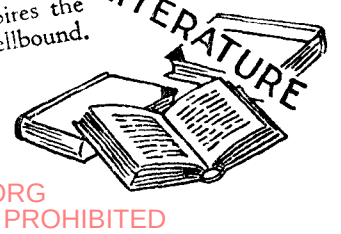
Never before has the story of Art, Literature, History, Religion, Science and Philosophy, been told as a whole—in one connected, fascinating, easy-reading narrative. This is the great accomplishment of Clement Wood, the author of "The Outline of Man's Knowledge," now in its third printing.

Thousands of intelligent men and women who realize that true culture requires an *all-round* and *modern* understanding of man's age-long conquest of his ignorance are reading and praising this book. Eminent authorities are enthusiastic:

ZONA GALE, herself a famous author and recognized critic, says: "I welcome this book as a key to unlock the world to itself. It is freshly and powerfully projected. Interesting and valuable."







ALL THE OUTLINES IN ONE FASCINATING VOLUME

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES says:

"I opened Clement Wood's "*The Outline of Man's Knowledge*" with profound skepticism, for it struck me that Mr. Wood was attempting the impossible, *but he has come as near doing the impossible as I ever saw in my life.* What chiefly amazes me and wins my admiration is the way in which he has packed his pages solid with information and yet made them exceedingly interesting reading."

DUDLEY FIELD MALONE writes: "It is the most thrilling book I have read in ten years. The work is overwhelming in its range and detail, and the stirring mind and eloquent speech of Clement Wood grip you with an almost weird fascination."

"The Outline of Man's Knowledge" weaves all humanity's accomplishments into one splendidly complete volume of only 700 pages—into a thrilling narrative that excites the mind, exalts the heart, inspires the imagination and holds the attention spellbound.

3rd Printing—$5.00 at all Booksellers

LEWIS COPELAND CO., Inc., *Publishers*, 119 W. 57th St., N. Y.

Brief Mention

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Let us take up first certain recent publications from the establishment of Mr. Vinal, as his is the elder firm.

We have here four volumes to consider, two by men and two by women. To give the ladies preference, we find their verses—we must say it in honesty—undistinguished. Mrs. Henry Riggs Rathbone (*Laura Rathbone*) in "On Wings of Song" and *Bessie M. Chadwick* in "Under the Locust Trees" are very old-style sentimental singers of an exceedingly minor type. As for Mr. *Frederick A. Wright's* title poem in "The Dance at the Flying Broomstick," it is chiefly doggerel. There is a great deal for him to learn from the admirably weird and fantastic light verse of "The Ingoldsby Legends," if he desires to essay further narratives of this kind. Sometimes his titles are very good, sometimes his sonnets, as in "January in the Berkshires" and "To the Artists" have good lines and phrases. But in general his expression is mediocre merely. "Out of the Shadows," by *George G. Cox* is a good deal worse. It is very bad poetry, or, rather, not poetry at all. In these criticisms we take it for granted that the hearts of the poets are in the right place and that they are excellent people. But criticism's function is to apply a high standard. Its application to such lines as the following taken at random from all four books we have discussed—well, we leave it to the reader: "The blue of heaven's dome," "To take a shower-bath 'neath moonlight beams," "It may be she watched by her children still. There were two who felt her near," "The rhythmic undulation of the sea." The last is from Mr. Wright, and, although it can hardly be called a fresh description, is the best of the four. How absolutely at random we chose these lines, by opening the books anywhere and letting our eye fall upon them, you would hardly believe. But prior to that we had read all the books thoroughly. The lines are typical of the general level of expression. We did not search for particular oddities.

With the books published by Henry Harrison we shall reverse the process. There are five of these books. We open absolutely at random. We find, "Turbits, trumpeters, fantails, what do you there?" "Here terminates his long, long trail, O splendid town," "Desire was caged within me from the start," "Though the moon shines ever so, Never marry Pierrot," "A look of hope on her distorted face." This does not seem to promise much, save the first, for we have never heard of a "turbit." A "turbot," yes, but that is a fish and this was evidently a bird. So we read "Untamed," by *Benjamin Musser* first. Mr. Musser cannot seem to avoid using words that jar on us like a shrieking slate-pencil in their particular context. He can also occasionally strike off this kind of thing:

A beautiful mad hermit treads the sky,
Whence prehistoric stars look down and smile.

But he *will* have the hermit treading "on wounded knees," which rather ruins the picture. Some of his ideas are good and the impulse that led him to write "Winged Stallion" is the right one, but the poem is simply as badly written as are the poems purveying "moral pap and sugar-plums" that he attacks. He should not write, "Two lovers meet and interlock: An infant the result," as he does in another poem. One cannot read it without a tendency to smile. As good an example as we can find of his fondness for what we might call "crazy-quilt writing" is the following first sonnet from "Exeunt Omnes":

In what green forest fastness shall we find
Armored dinosaur Stegosaurus roam?
Where does Tyrannosaurus make his home?
Where Amblypoda and his Eocene kind?
When civilization grew the giants declined,
Cro-Magnon men fell even as the mome
Of progress would slay the mastodon and comb
An earth of wombats and their ilk aligned.
Sabre-tooth tigers went their way; the sloth
Gigantic is no more; tile-fish are gone;
Bison and buffalo will end their span
And go with loricate armadillo, both
Museum pieces be to gaze upon . . .
Somewhere in that recessional walks man.

As a humorous example of how *not* to write poetry this is a gem, and we shall not believe that Mr. Musser wrote it seriously. "Mome," of course, is borrowed from Lewis Carroll; but "comb an earth of wombats" is simply superb in its own right.

Carl John Bostelmann, in "Hedges, Hills and Horizons," has a bad trick of beginning a poem to ships by ejaculating "Ships" and going on from there, by beginning a poem on horizons as follows:

Shores of all seas are horizons,
Beautiful blue of horizons,
Abysmal blue of horizons,
Horizons.

and going on from there—to the extent of over two pages with the word "horizons" occurring by actual count forty-five times!

"The Grub Street Book of Verse" does not truly come from Grub Street, save that some of its contributions first appeared in the *New York Herald-Tribune*, the *New York Telegram*, the *New York Evening Post*, the *New York Evening World*, the *Springfield Republican*, etc. But others first saw light in small magazines such as *The Greenwich Village Quill*, *Contemporary Verse*, *The Golden Quill*, *The Emory Phoenix*, etc. The chief virtue of the book is the inclusion of a number of versified epigrams, some of which are extremely neat. *Henry Harrison* the publisher, *Morris Abel Beer*, *Elias Liberman*, do this sort of thing deftly. And while there are no particularly striking poems in this volume, the level of versification is quite high. *Mary Carolyn Davies's* "Penny Show," illustrated by *Herbert E. Fouts*, is the work of a seasoned poet. She also is at her best in the brief and epigrammatic. She has charm and adequate technique. There is no obstreperous beauty here, but there are some attractive little poems. *Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni's* "Behind the Mask" is also interesting, with some original expression, but her frequent use of free verse does not often impress her fragmentary observations upon the mind as strongly as does Miss Davies's clinched little rhyme. Miss Marinoni seems to be at her best when brief.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STOKES BOOKS

You'll enjoy

a deep armchair
a crackling fire
and these books

THE MAKING OF A STATE
Memories and Observations: 1914-18
By THOMAS GARRIGUE MASARYK

The President of the Czechoslovak Republic surveys every aspect of national and international life in his century. "If I were asked to name him who, among living men, deserves the highest rank, I should say Masaryk, the Czech."—EMIL LUDWIG, *New York Times.* $6.00

THE CHARM OF BIRDS
By VISCOUNT GREY of Fallodon, K. G.

Britain's great statesman, author of "Twenty-Five Years," etc., has written a book that will appeal to every lover of nature in whatever country. $3.00

THE DRAGON AND THE LOTUS
By CROSBIE GARSTIN

Immensely colorful is this record of a trip to the Far East by the author of "The Owls' House." Illustrated by the author. $2.50

NEW JOURNEYS IN OLD ASIA
By HELEN CHURCHILL CANDEE

Strange and memorable vignettes of Indo-China, Siam, Bali and Java. By the author of "Angkor the Magnificent," etc., they are beautifully illustrated from etchings by Lucille Douglas. $4.00

F. A. STOKES COMPANY
443 4th Avenue New York

STOKES BOOKS

THE PROCESSION TO TYBURN

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT IN THE 18th CENTURY

An Amazing Contemporary Book. Now First Republished In Our Time, Edited With A Long Introduction Comparing Crimes, Criminals And Justice, Then And Now,

by Justice William G. McAdoo

Famous criminals come to life in this contemporary account of their crimes, trials and executions. Their stories throw a light on the ideas and ideals and the lot of men and women in one of the most fascinating centuries in England's history.

Justice McAdoo's introduction in itself is an important contribution to the literature of criminology.

Illustrated, octavo, all bookstores, $3.00

Boni & Liveright, N. Y.

GOOD BOOKS

Book Notes ILLUSTRATED

The well known literary periodical, in its new dress, has set the book world talking.

Published bi-monthly. Send $1.00 to the publisher for a year's subscription.

EDWIN VALENTINE MITCHELL, INC.
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

N. O. K., Fargo, North Dakota, is greatly interested in Marie Bashkirtseff, and asks if there is an unusually good edition of her journal, and where additional facts about her life, her work, and her friends may be found. And are there other absorbing journals of women, displaying their psychology, in which this inquirer is especially interested?

THE latest edition of the famous work is "The Journal of a Young Artist: Maria Konstantinova Bashkirtzeva" (Dutton), in the translation of Mary Serrano. This is as far as we have it in English, but her cult is kept alive in France by publications now and again, like the "Cahiers Intimes Inédites," edited by Pierre Borel (aux Éditeurs Associés, 1925), and the article in the *Revue Mondiale,* September 1, 1923, on her voyage to England. There is an article in the *English Review* by Francis Gribble, vol. 42, 1926, and a fellow-student, Mary Breakell, wrote of her in the *Nineteenth Century,* vol. 62, 1907.

The only journal by a woman that seems to me to compare with that of the Russian is "The Journal of Marie Lénéru" (Macmillan). It is just as frank without such ferocious egotism: the crucifixion of body and spirit that came to one Marie through tuberculosis attacked the other on the very threshold of young womanhood with a deafness that was to become complete and incurable, but that she managed to circumvent well enough to become a successful playwright. The last woman I told about Marie Lénéru's diary wrote me that she had propped it up over the sink while she washed dishes and thus glorified the task with long glances.

"Jane Welsh Carlyle: Letters to Her Family, 1839-1863" (Doubleday, Page), have much the same revelatory quality as a journal: Rheta Childe Dorr's "A Woman of Fifty" (Funk & Wagnalls), is like a diary, though it is a remembered career. Books like Evelyn Scott's "Escapade" (Boni & Liveright), and Violet Hunt's "I Have This to Say" (Boni & Liveright), hardly come under this head, but I think this inquirer should read them. And how about the "Memoirs of Catherine the Great," edited by Katharine Anthony and lately published by Knopf? There's an outspoken old party for you.

I HAVE not tried to keep track of fashions in brain-twisters; a crossword puzzle (especially without pattern) still can soothe me. But the charade seems now to be popular, and Carolyn Wells has some pretty ones in "A Book of Charades" (Doran), of which I choose this because it fits the space, though some of the longer ones are snappier:

My dogs I love, my horses I adore,
They're much to me, and yet my last is more;
And though my first is less, my whole I know
Has ever been my last's unconquered foe.

Now I think it would take a bright creature to guess that this means lesson; I had to look it up at the back of the book. There are two exasperating but highly successful entertainments just coming into popularity in my neighborhood: one is "I've Got Your Number," by Doris Webster and Mary Hopkins (Century), and the other a handwriting analysis game called "Mind Your P's and Q's," by Jerome Meyer (Simon & Schuster). In the first of these you have but to reply with yes or no to each of five groups of five questions: such as "Are your mistakes your own fault?" "If a woman you dislike is wearing a becoming hat, are you willing to tell her so?" (there are different questions for men and women), or "Would you paint your house bright blue if you felt like it?" Adding the results of these gives a key-number to a page on which there is what may be a surprisingly good sketch of your character. I cheated on two of the questions and found my analysis quite off, so I went back and told the exact truth, got another key-number and received a pretty good description. Wild horses, however, would not drag from me the page upon which this appears. The method in the handwriting test is even simpler; the results just as amusing; people seem to be taking to it well. There will soon be no way in which to keep one's self to one's self save to whack from the hands of anyone seen approaching any book held open and accompanied by an expectant pencil.

M. S. H., Charlottesville, Va., asks for a not too technical book on the Psychology of the Abnormal.

"THE Unconscious, the fundamentals of human personality, normal and abnormal" by Morton Prince (Macmillan, 2nd Edition), is valuable to scientist or layman. "Abnormal Behavior," by Sands and Blanchard (Dodd, Mead), relates this to social problems, and the latest book to carry psychopathology into criminology is "The Psychopathic Criminal," by Karl Birnbaum (Boni & Liveright), a handbook for social workers and a study of borderland cases.

I HAVE just heard from the missionary in Nanking to whom I sent a reading-list just before the outbreak, and concerning whose fate readers of this column have been worrying:

Unzen, Japan.

Your delightfully friendly letter recommending "Orpheus and His Lute" and "The Golden Porch" (these were in response to a call for mythologies to follow those of Padraic Colum) reached me in Nanking, March 23d, the afternoon before the Southern army came in. A day later and I would have missed it. Then, by a miracle, the copies of the books were held in Shanghai and delivered to us the day before we left for our months of watchful waiting in Japan. They and the other books formed the nucleus of our new library, most of our beloved books having gone in the looting, the majority to make shoesoles for our poor neighbors.

The two books (named above) were exactly what I wanted and I have loved them as much as the children have. I know you would have enjoyed hearing my small and snubnosed John ask to be called Prometheus, and Nancy, the eight-year-old, regret her shingle that kept her from dancing like Thetis "clad only in her flowing hair." This time I am asking for something on archaeology that children would enjoy, either in story form like "Buried Cities," by Jennie Hall, (Macmillan) that I found in Shanghai, or popularly written accounts of excavations and discoveries that will bring the Past into the life of the Present. The little that I know has proved as fascinating to them as it has been to me and we all want more.

Our summer here has been made delightful by reading Mrs. Sugimoto's "Daughter of the Samurai" (Doubleday) aloud with the children. Japan has meant so much more to them through her sympathetic interpretation of Japanese life. It does something that so many of us missionaries long to do and that the world needs very much just now. I think Selma Lagerlöf's "Marbacka" (Doubleday) widens sympathy and understanding in the same way.

J. M., WAYNE, PA., tells A. S. K., who asked about editions of Praed's poems, that he has one published by Stokes, "revised and complete," no date. *C. H. L., Potsdam, N. Y.,* tells me when I speak of German dictionaries to mention the "Deutsch-Englisches und Englisch-Deutsches Wörterbuch" of Newton Ivory Lucas, published in Bremen by Schönemanns Verlag, 1863, in four parts, which gives *Krieg* nearly four and a half columns, including 128 derivations and compounds. He paid $20 for a copy. This letter has been unaccountably pigeonholed for weeks, but experiences with dictionaries are always eagerly welcomed by readers of this column. *C. C., Detroit, Mich.,* looks for a poem called "New York," written by a man named Smith and appearing in a New York paper, thought to be the *Herald,* about fifteen years ago. Two people whom I asked about this were sure they had read such a poem, and would be as glad to get it back as C. C., so I make one more exception to the rule that this corner of the paper is not for hunting poems or quotations. *C. F. S., Pasadena, Cal., refers K. M.,* who wants "reliable Western fiction," to "his fellow-townsman's—H. H. Knibbs's—works, published by Houghton Mifflin. 'Overland Red,' 'Sundown Slim,' 'The Sungazers,' etc., are capital stories, full of the atmosphere of the Southwest where their scenes are laid, and where Mr. Knibbs has lived the life he depicts." As these initials stand for Charles Francis Saunders, author of "Finding the Worthwhile in the Southwest" (McBride) and other well-known works about California, this advice has special value. *M. M., Mt. Vernon, Iowa,* asks if there is a Scandinavian Society in America, and if so, what is its address?

A New Book

By

A. N. Whitehead

Symbolism

Its Meaning and Effect

A philosophic examination of experience and the essential place of symbolism in it. Professor Whitehead again writes lucidly on an abstruse subject and the fresh view which he presents here is of importance for all who are interested in a true view of our changing concepts of life and the world about us. $1.50

Also by Prof. Whitehead

Science and the Modern World

"Perhaps it is not too much to say that this book constitutes the first step in the direction of a coming creative age."—*Saturday Review.*

"The most significant restatement for the general reader of the present relations of science, philosophy, and the issues of life, which has yet appeared."—JOHN DEWEY in the *New Republic.*

"It seems probable that this book will be one of the few produced in recent years to have any decisive effect on the thought currents of our day."—*Springfield Republican.*

$2.50

Religion in the Making

"In the nature of a sequel to . . . 'Science and the Modern World' . . . Leaves one with the wish that the author would write another book twice as large and twice as detailed on the same topic—and there are few philosophical works to which this compliment is likely to be paid."—*Saturday Review.* $1.50

THE MACMILLAN CO.

New York Boston Chicago
Atlanta Dallas San Francisco

AMERICA FINDING HERSELF

By

Mark Sullivan

The story of

OUR TIMES

in the years immediately following "The Turn of the Century".

"It is one glorious riot of facts, reminiscences, recollections . . ."—Harry Hansen in the *New York World*

With 204 illustrations from cartoons, sketches and photographs of the day.

At all bookstores $5.00

Charles Scribner's Sons

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The enigma that has never been solved

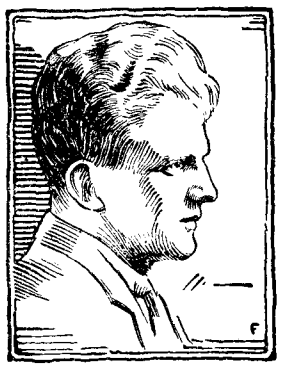
THROUGH the ages women have been victims of superstitions and taboos handed down from generation to generation. By the unconscious inheritance of these taboos women have become an eternal enigma to men. John Langdon-Davies has constructed a plain road through this wilderness of distortions, pointing out along the way woman's place in society from the earliest days up to the present.

A SHORT HISTORY OF WOMEN

by JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES

Author of

THE NEW AGE OF FAITH



Why we behave like men and women is the essential subject of this volume. It begins with a discussion of the biology of sex and ends when there emerges from the fascinating parade of facts the woman of tomorrow.

The primitive women, the women of Athens, the Witch, the Nun, and the Lady of Mediaeval days, the martyrs of the early Christian Church, the industrial worker of today, the emancipated women of tomorrow—all are viewed scientifically and sanely in a book which, says Isabel Patterson, in the *New York Herald Tribune*, "is not only valuable, but fascinating."

Chosen by The Literary Guild of America as its November book.

$3.00 AT ALL BOOKSTORES

THE VIKING PRESS

30 Irving Place • New York

THE PHOENIX NEST

THE death of *Samuel McChord Crothers* marks the passing of a born essayist. Cambridge will not be quite the same without Dr. Crothers. He graduated from the Harvard Divinity School in 1882. He became a Unitarian minister and, finally, pastor of the First Church at Cambridge, a post he held until his death. Among his many books we recall especially "The Gentle Reader" and "The Pardoner's Wallet." In 1926 he characterized as "a law of bigotry" the Tennessee law against the teaching of evolution. Articles by him on this controversy appeared in the *New York World*. Dr. Crothers wrote always with sagacity and charm. He has been called the true successor to *Oliver Wendell Holmes*, and the appellation was deserved. . . .

The *Saturday Review of Literature* has turned over to us the following, sent in by *T. F. Dibden*, of Paterson, N. J.:

FOR THE COMPLEAT COLLECTORS
We have read the Rollins skit!
And the Saturday Review's *audacious lit!*
We are extremely fond of it
And call it a tremendous hit!

My sub. went forth another day
So use this sheet to say my say,
The page is going all my way,
Do keep it up is all I say.

John Masefield's "The Midnight Folk" has just been published. It is a fantasy for children, about a little boy whose grandfather had lost a treasure-ship. The rats, the bats, the foxes, the otters aid the little boy in his search for it; and the witches oppose them. . . .

A rare *Kipling* item on sale by *James F. Drake* is entitled "With Number Three, Surgical & Medical, and New Poems by Rudyard Kipling; also Letters from Julian Ralph, Charles E. Hands, and Douglas Story." It was published by Hume & Co. (Libreria Inglesa), Santiago de Chile, in 1900. Another rare item, this time in the shop of *George A. Van Nosdall*, of 446 East 88th Street, is the book that was the inspiration of *Sir Walter Scott's* "Quentin Durward," namely *Sir John Hawkwood's* "The Honour of the Taylors; or, The Famous and Renowned History of Sir John Hawkwood, Knight. Containing His Many Rare and Singular Adventures, Witty Exploits, Heroic Achievements, and Noble Performances, Relating to Love and Arms, in Many Lands." This, says the bookseller, is apparently the only perfect copy ever offered for sale in this country. . . .

Having exchanged a letter or two with *Arthur Guiterman* on the general subject of pronunciation, one paragraph of his so falls in with our own idea that we must quote it here. Rhymesters take notice!

One thing I should like to see would be the restoration of the old, strong pronunciation of "iron" to rhyme with "Byron," instead of the finicky "i-urn." There was at least the phonetic excuse of avoiding double consonants when "apron," "saffron," "citron" and the like were pronounced "apurn," "saffurn" and "siturn," and I can't understand why "iron," the only well-made word of the group, remains perversely distorted. There ought to be a committee of poets casually to amend the work of the lexicographers.

Grant Overton writes from Santa Fe that he has been reading D. H. Lawrence's "Mornings in Mexico." He comments:

But all of the chapter, "Walk to Huayapa," is perfect, including that cutting-upward gesture the women make. Our Francisca always gestures like that, to express everything.

The catalogue of the Kern sale of November 2nd revealed a fact we never knew before. In the catalogue was printed the original title-page of *Gray's* elegy. It reads as follows: "An Elegy *wrote* in a Country Church Yard." The italics, of course, are our own. It was printed for *R. Dodsley* in Pall-Mall and sold by *M. Cooper* in Paternoster-Row in 1751. You could buy it then for sixpence! . . .

We thank *Leslie Stratton* of Coney Island for sending us his privately printed "The Old Priest's Philosophy," a philosophic discourse by a character "discovered" and "reported" by Mr. Stratton in his column "'N' Everything," which still appears as an editorial page feature in the *Coney Island Times*. This is a mellow and human document and the long thin brown book an attractive one. . . .

Katherine E. Conlin says she is not as brave as the lady from Mount Vernon, Iowa; but she thinks the lady from Mount Vernon was too flippant; she believes she had been reading "Elmer Gantry." Miss Conlin submits the following, and we submit it to you, as quite a nice autumn poem:

VANITY

Autumn clothes her models
In garments bright and gay.
Takes away the green demure
That they wore in May.

Autumn clothes her models
In scarlet gowns and gold,
Like the rustling silks of
Court ladies of old.

Autumn looked upon the pines
And sadly shook her head.
Those sober, sturdy Puritans
Could never dress in red.

The pines gaze on the models
In gold and scarlet dresses
And wonder if 'tis Puritans
That God really blesses.

The pines gaze on the models;
Their somber heads droop down.
Each lonely one is longing
For a gay, golden gown.

The pines smiled at each other
On a cold wintry day—
The models' gold and scarlet gowns
Had fallen by the way.

Sunday before last at the Selwyn Theatre there commenced at 8:30 a series of monologues, Character Sketches, by *Cornelia Otis Skinner*, the charming daughter of the celebrated actor. *James B. Pond* is presenting Miss Skinner in these recitals. Tickets are on sale at the Selwyn or may be procured from James B. Pond at 25 West Forty-third Street. Miss Skinner is a fine dramatic artist in her own right. Her "Character Sketches" are from her own pen and she interprets them with great skill. Her father produced and appeared in a full-length play of hers, "Captain Fury." You will certainly not regret any Sunday evening spent in watching her delicious interpretations. . . .

Alfred A. Knopf has brought out sumptuously the lithographs of *George Bellows*. *Thomas Beer* has written an introduction for the book, and it is a book that makes one's mouth water. Bellows's vision of America was an utterly original one and his art was a great art. You can even afford to starve yourself a little to gain possession of a copy of this book. . . .

Lyle Saxon's "Father Mississippi" is certainly timely and strikes us upon hurried perusal as a vital and well-written story of the Mississippi River, past and present. It is a book that was waiting to be done and Mr. Saxon has taken full advantage of his opportunities. It should interest every American. . . .

The Archive is on our desk and proves to be an attractive monthly literary review published by the Senior Class of Trinity College of Duke University, at Durham, South Carolina. There are contributions, among others, by the wife of *Laurence Stallings* and by that excellent poet, *Robert P. Tristram Coffin*. The leading article is on *James Branch Cabell*. . . .

Recently the *George S. Hellman* collection of *Washington Irving* was exhibited at the Washington Irving High School during the celebration of the 25th anniversary of the founding of the school. *John Erskine*, *John Macy*, and *Christopher Morley* all spoke, with George S. Hellman as chairman. Mr. Hellman is the author of "Washington Irving, Esq." . . .

And so:

All is not gold that glit-ters;
All is not pure that shi-ines,
Fol-low your moth-er's teach-ings,
And happiness will be thine;
Low-ers may seek your fay-vo-or,
Boast of their wealthun to-o-o-old,—
But all through your life, ree-mem-berrr,
child,
All that glitters is not—*gold!*

THE PHOENICIAN.

I know a Secret!

"Impressive"
"Alluring"
— FORD MADOX FORD

HERBERT GORMAN'S
great new novel

THE PLACE CALLED DAGON

Just Out $2.50

"The best fictional biography that has been published in English".—Dr. Joseph Collins.

The Portrait of ZELIDE

By Geoffrey Scott

A new edition at a lower price. An added feature is the author's new postscript on Benjamin Constant.

at all bookstores

$2.00 *Scribner's*

The Selected Poems of
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

From the portfolio of one of America's foremost poets is selected his most brilliant and appealing verse. . . . .

MAN POSSESSED

Just Out $2.50

DORAN BOOKS

I Know a Secret by Cristopher Morley

a glorious surprise by the man who wrote "Thunder on the Left"... an addition to the immortal company of "Alice," "Just So Stories" and "When We Were Very Young."

Doubleday, Page & Co. $2

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Mexican Catalogue

SR. JOAQUIN GARCIA ICAZBALCETA of Mexico, was one of the very greatest of American collectors. A historian with a facile pen, a scholar of the strictest standards, a pe rsistent investigator, he was also an ardent book lover. During the middle decades of the nineteenth century he brought together a matchless collection of books and manuscripts relating primarily to the early history of his country. His early imprints and linguistic treasures are known through the bibliographies which he compiled, largely in his personal library, and which were printed by him in his historical publications and collections of documents. He had a catalogue of these, prepared with his customary methodical thoroughness. This has just been printed in the series of "Monografias Bibliograficas Mexicanas" issued under the direction of D. Genero Estrada of the Mexican Department of Relaciones Exteriores. It is a volume of nearly three hundred pages, of which rather more than two thirds are filled with pertinent notes by the editor, D. Federico Gomez de Orozco. The four decades that have lapsed since the death of Sr. Garcia Icazbalceta make it particularly important to include supplementary information regarding later publications in this field.

Dramatic realism, on this continent at all events, can rarely if ever have attained the detailed perfection of the very earliest performance of a theatrical nature in North America. This took the form of an aquatic pageant, staged on the sunlit waters of Annapolis Basin, (now) Nova Scotia, on November 14 of the year 1606. Neptune and his Tritons were impersonations, and the parts of the American natives were undoubtedly taken by Frenchmen. There must have been plenty of real Indians, however, looking on, and the other performers appeared in their actual characters of adventurous explorers newly returned from a prolonged voyage of exploration. The text of this masque was printed at Paris three years later, and it has been reprinted at least half a dozen times. But although there have been two careful versions into English of the author's "History of New France," no one ventured upon a rendering of Lescarbot's "Le Theatre de Neptune en la Nouvelle-France" until a year ago. Then, in connection with the effort to revive the memory of the French settlement at Port Royal, Mrs. Harriette Taber Richardson essayed to make a metrical translation. First read on the spot in August, 1926, it was carefully revised for amateur parlor presentation some months later. At this time it was proved that the lines preserved both the rhythm and the dramatic unity, and that an audience could follow the reading. Encouraged by this, Mrs. Richardson sought a publisher, and Houghton Mifflin & Co. have now issued her version, along with the French text, with drawings and contemporary maps of the scene of the original presentation.

Typographically, the printers apparently thought they were producing some sort of an imitation of the original 1609 edition. But seemingly it did not occur to them that sizes and combinations of type which a Frenchman could use effectively on a page six inches high, do not look right on a nine-inch page.

In spite of occasional efforts in that direction, commercialism sorely needs debunking. A recent announcement of a magazine devoted to "commercial art" (God save the mark!) says "Art has now, in conjunction with commerce, begun to partake of the same activity (as commerce). It has taken, in a manner of speaking, a new lease of life. Originality is a condition of its being. Union with commerce compels it to be original. Union with commerce spells also the possibility of an infinite expansion. Commerce can do more for art in fifty years than the old patronage in five hundred." Better fifty years of commerce than a cycle of decay, so to speak. Well, our experience with printing for commerce and commercialists who order printing doesn't bear that out. We admit that miles of theological books on the shelves of our libraries, slowly turning to dust, are a mournful reminder of the transitoriness of men's opinions, but they are stability itself as compared to the ephemera of commerce. And the commercialism which will admit of the glorification of anything outside itself is yet to be developed. Commerce hasn't yet provided any Duke of Parma or Jean Grolier. What is really needed is a widespread and moderately intelligent appreciation of good printing, and that we do seem to be nearer than in any previous era.

WITH its issue of October 13 the *Times* (London) *Literary Supplement* distributes a "Printing Number" which is good reading for all book men. There are carefully written essays on "Modern Typography" (retelling for the thousandth time the Saga of the Kelmscott Press); "Text and Illustration;" "The Beautiful Book;" "Continental Trade Printing;" "Types for British Books;" "On Bindings;" "Book Illustrations: Some Methods;" and "American Low-cost Methods"—the latter by Mr. Orcutt. The information is a little too elementary and familiar, but the brochure will serve as a record of recent production, and a useful guide to the present state of the craft. A notable exception to the somewhat too discursive contributions is the article on "Types for British Books," which is as good a piece of writing on the subject of printing types as we have seen for five years. We note one or two curious errors, such as a misspelling of Jenson's name, and the apparent ignorance of the writer of the fact that Jenson's roman, from the Drugulin foundry, has been in the repertory of the Merrymount Press since 1903, although only used by Mr. Updike within the past few years, we believe. The *Times's* critic justly says of it that it "is as pleasant as Fell and more regular."

The "Printing Number" contains several specimen pages from recent books, and is itself admirably designed and set up, though the presswork is poor. It exhibits a unity in type display which we commend to all literary journals on this side of the ocean.

From the house of Les Arts et le Livre in Paris comes a tantalizing little book by M. Henri Alibaux on "Les Premieses Papeteries Françaises," with a map showing the fourteen localities where paper is known to have been made between the years 1200 and 1400.

The Compleat Collector.

RARE BOOKS · FIRST EDITIONS · FINE TYPOGRAPHY

By Carl Purington Rollins & George Parker Winship.

"Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold."

JAMES F. DRAKE, *Inc.*
have just issued
A Catalogue of Rare Books
14 WEST 40TH ST. NEW YORK

Counter Attractions

NEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS ITEMS :: STAMPS & COINS :: LITERARY SERVICES

AUTOGRAPHS

GOODSPEED'S BOOK SHOP is a national institution. Its stock of Rare and Choice Books, Prints and Autographs is made accessible to distant buyers by specialized catalogues. No. 164, Genealogy, 5,033 titles, price 10c; No. 168, Rare Americana, 309 pp., 2,463 titles, illus., price 50c; No. 169, Autographs, 4,472 titles, free. No. 170, Rare Books, 1,110 titles, free. When in Boston, browse in Goodspeed's, Nos. 7 and 9a Ashburton Place; No. 5a Park St.; No. 2 Milk St.

ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH LETTERS of celebrities of all nations bought and sold. Send for price list. Walter R. Benjamin, 578 Madison Ave., New York City. Publisher The Collector, $1. Established 1887.

BARGAIN OFFERS

A MOST UNUSUAL OFFER—Aphrodite by Pierre Louys. A tale of the lives, manners, and customs of pagan Alexandria when Eros ruled supreme. Hitherto unobtainable except at the regular prices of the limited $10 and $20 editions. We have a number of the unexpurgated, limited $10 edition that we are offering at $5.25. Complete and unexpurgated translations, privately printed and illustrated of the following: Rabelais, Decameron, Droll Stories, Heptameron, Confessions of Rousseau, Mademoiselle De Maupin, at $3.25. We specialize in supplying out-of-print, unusual, and rare books. Special lists of particular interests on request. Monthly bulletin mailed free. Argonaut Book Co., 143 Madison Ave., New York City.

SCHULTE'S BARGAINS. Pierre Louys Aphrodite, complete unexpurgated edition, $4.75. Pettit's Son of The Grand Eunuch, limited edition, $3.00. Boccaccio's Decameron, $1.75. Balzac's Droll Stories, $1.75. Masuccio $1.75. Rabelais $1.75. Rousseau $1.75. Heptameron $1.75. La Fontaine's Tales $1.75. Mademoiselle DeMaupin $1.75. Bolsche's Love Life in Nature, 2 volumes, $7.50. Crawley's Mystic Rose 2 volumes, $10.00. Marquis DeSade Dialogue Between Priest and Dying Man, limited edition, $6.00. 25c per volume for expressage extra. New catalogue of unusual books in English, French and German mailed free. Schulte's Bookstore, 80 Fourth Avenue (Tenth Street), New York City.

BARGAIN OFFERS

COMPLETE AND UNEXPURGATED translations of Foreign Classics. Privately printed and Illustrated Editions. Rousseau's Confessions, Boccaccio's Decameron, Balzac's Droll Stories, The Heptameron, etc., $3.50 each. Catalogue upon request. American Book Collectors' Service, 321 Broadway, New York.

BOOK PLATES

COPPER PLATE STYLE $4 to $5 per hundred. Send 10c for samples. Frank E. Bittner, 83 Irving Place, New York.

BOOKPLATES BY PRITKIN. Individual, distinctive designs. Send for Reproductions of my work. 1254 So. Spaulding Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS, ASSOCIATION copies, autographed books bought and sold: send for catalogues, Christian Gerhardt, 17 West 44th Street, New York.

LIMITED AUTOGRAPHED EDITIONS. New, perfect. $10 each postpaid; Woman at Point Sur, Prejudices 5th and 6th Mencken, Land Pilgrims Pride, Nathan, Marco Millions $17.50; Annette and Sylvie, Rolland $7.50. Catalogues Free. Seiffers, 832 Westchester Ave., New York.

FIRST EDITIONS; FINE PRESSES; OLD Rare and Curious Books; Illustrated Books, Choice Bindings; Fine Library Sets and a large stock of Good Second-hand Books on all subjects at reasonable prices. Visit our attractive shop or write for free catalogs. Dauber & Pine Bookshops, Inc., 66 Fifth Avenue at 12th Street, New York. Open until 10 P. M.

MODERN ENGLISH and American first editions. Bruce Rogers and Edwin Rudge items. Country Book Shop, Greenwich, Conn.

ERIC GILL early wood cuts, illustrations by this artist in first editions of St. Dominic's Press Books. Francis White, 2 Wall Street, New York.

GENERAL

GREVILLE'S DIARY, 2 vols. $10.00. This edition includes the material suppressed in former editions. All books furnished. Furman, 363 West 51st Street, New York.

GENERAL

ADNAK CHRISTMAS GREETINGS on Imported Handmade papers, handmade envelopes to match. Original designs in color resembling woodcuts and etchings. Set of eighteen different Greetings sent postpaid for $2.00. The Little Window. 15 Depot Street, Saranac Lake, N. Y.

VISIT THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 West 96th St. (near Broadway); French books and magazines exclusively; large selections conveniently displayed and priced; lists issued.

THE BOOKSELLER & PRINT DEALERS' weekly contains the finest List of Books, Prints, Autographs and Stamps for Sale and Wanted. Around 2,000 items offered or asked for Weekly. Also Information on Literary Subjects, articles by experts, latest Auction Records, etc. Monthly Supplements contain the World's Trade List of Want and Sale items. Annual Subscription, $3.50; 6 months, $2; Three months, $1. Supplements included. Supplements only 50 cents. 233-239 West 42nd Street, New York.

O'MALLEY'S BOOK STORE, 329 Columbus Ave. (75th St.) Large stock of good books on many subjects. Prices reasonable. Expert service. Open evenings.

LANGUAGES

BOOKS ON AND IN ORIENTAL, less known European and American Aboriginal Languages. Paul R. Carr, 3923 Packard St., Long Island City, N. Y. Oriental Language and Philological Bookseller.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied at most reasonable prices. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Ave., N. Y. Caledonia 0047.

RARE BOOKS

RARE BOOKS. The Walden Book Shop, 410 Michigan Avenue North, Chicago, Ill., will be glad to help you in your search for rare books, modern first editions, books published by private presses. Send a list of items desired and ask for catalogue.

ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS. Interesting catalogue of Books from 15th to 20th Century, mailed free on application. C. Howes, Bookseller, 485 London Road, Hastings, England.

RARE BOOKS

RARE AND UNUSUAL BOOKS. E. W. Johnson, 362 W. 123rd St., New York. Send for List No. 63 of Valuable Books.

WANTED: OFFERS ABOVE $300 for "Centaur" with Bruce Rogers characteristic presentation inscription. Thomas Rogers, Bridle Path, Lexington, Massachusetts.

AMERICAN HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, Travel; local history and genealogy. Catalogues on request. Cadmus Book Shop, 312 West 34th Street, New York.

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY adviser. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Special department for plays and motion pictures. The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 135 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York.

AUTHORS' AND ARTISTS' Representative. Literary adviser and editor. Live fiction;—Short Stories, Novels, Plays, Motion Pictures, Manuscripts sold. Grace Aird, Inc., 342 Madison Ave., New York. Vanderbilt 9344.

HOLLYWOOD Revision & Publishing Co. revise, type, market novels, stories, articles, etc. Complete photoplay service, including copyrighting. Reasonable Price. Booklet Free. 211 Ries Building, Hollywood, California.

MANUSCRIPTS REVISED and Typed by Scenario Expert, E. Scolley, 1757½ No. Western, Hollywood, California.

MSS. TYPED: SPECIAL PRICES. Authors MSS neatly typed and prepared for publication. 20 cents a page, one carbon copy free, or 50 cents per thousand words for MSS over 15,000 words. Arthur Patten Wallace, 221 West 251st Street. MSS also received at Box 230, The Saturday Review office, New York.

RATES

"COUNTER ATTRACTIONS" is a meeting place for collectors and dealers and those who wish to sell, buy or exchange rare books, first editions, stamps, autographs, etc. Rates are seven cents a word for one insertion and five cents a word for twenty or more consecutive inserations. Address V. O., The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, N. Y. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Literary Guild Service Costs You Nothing!

It Actually Reduces the Price of the Best New Books

THE Literary Guild offers readers a unique opportunity to join a movement of first importance to the future of American letters. Play-goers of discrimination have their *Theatre Guild,* an organization which has raised the standard of good drama materially in America. Now—through the efforts of a group of educational and literary leaders—you can belong to a society engaged in selecting the best books from the presses of publishers and sponsoring those no cultured American will care to miss.

The many advantages of membership, the prestige of being associated with such a work, the actual cash saving on the price of new books, and all the other privileges enjoyed by members create the impression that the Guild is limited to *wealthy patrons only*. THIS IS NOT THE CASE!

The Literary Guild service *costs you nothing.* You can join today and begin at once to realize a considerable saving in actual cash on the leading book published each month in America. You can not yourself read even a small fraction of all the books that pour from the presses of our leading publishers. You can not even hope to read *all* of the outstanding works. You can not afford to waste both time and money upon mediocre books which will be forgotten in a day. But there is a way for you to read and own the leading books that you will hear discussed everywhere, *one each month in the year.*

The Guild Plan Solves Your Reading Problem

The Literary Guild is close to the heart of the book world. Its editors are writers, educators, literary specialists. By arrangement with leading publishing houses, they know exactly what major manuscripts will be published. From these they choose the most important ones each month to read. A final selection is then made of the ONE book that represents in their opinion the most significant and worth-while literary achievement of the month.

Carl Van Doren is Editor-in-Chief of this editorial board. You would never hesitate to accept his recommendation of a book worth reading. Every Guild book carries his endorsement, aided by the opinions of Glenn Frank, President of the University of Wisconsin; Zona Gale; Joseph Wood Krutch; Elinor Wylie and Hendrik Willem van Loon.

This earnest group of men and women answer *your* greatest book buying question: *What books are worth buying?*

You can now enjoy the distinction of being the first in your community to read the books that the nation will be discussing a few weeks later. Your membership in the Guild makes you an authority on the worth-while in current books—both fiction and non-fiction. You are spared the bother of shopping. You can never make a poor selection. Sales talk, the reviewer's enthusiasm, the personal taste of an acquaintance can never mislead you. You will always *know* that the Guild book is an outstanding book of the month.

Editorial Board

Editor-in-Chief
CARL VAN DOREN
Critic—Novelist—Lecturer at Columbia University

Associate Editors
GLENN FRANK
President of the University of Wisconsin
ZONA GALE
Author of "Miss Lulu Bett," "Preface to a Life," etc.
HENDRIK VAN LOON
Author of "The Story of Mankind," "Tolerance," "America," etc.
ELINOR WYLIE
Poet—Novelist—Author of "Jennifer Lorn," "Black Armor," "The Orphan Angel," etc.
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
Literary Editor of the Nation. Author of psychological biography — "Edgar Allan Poe."

12 Books a Year for the Price of 6

Besides the cultural advantages of being always in touch with the most entertaining and important new books as they are published; receiving your books as soon as the booksellers receive them; you pay only half price for your books.

By knowing in advance exactly how many copies of each book will be needed, the chance of loss is eliminated. By printing and binding each title in large quantities, the cost of production is lowered. All of this saving is passed on to Guild members. The bookstore prices of the books sponsored by the Guild vary from $2 to $5, but under the Guild plan the average price is cut in two.

Instead of the trade binding, which you will see everywhere, all Guild books are bound and stamped with the name of the organization. This binding distinguishes the Guild books, sets them apart as *special editions.* Books in the Guild binding on your shelves or table-top stamp you as a person of cultivated taste in literature, a reader actively interested in this movement to promote the best in current books. Tasteful, durable, sturdy each Guild book is made to be read and re-read many times, as books of such great interest always are.

A Great Gift for Yourself or a Friend

Take a Guild membership for yourself—you are through with the nuisance of shopping for the books you want to read and you are assured of the best new books of the year, delivered to you promptly—and at a saving of one-half the retail price.

Sign the order form below, and be sure of a full year's reading of the year's choicest books.

THE LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, Inc.
Dept. 21-S. R, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Gentlemen: Please enroll me in the Literary Guild of America for one year. I will pay you $4.00 upon receipt of your first book, and $3.00 a month for 5 months only. During the last 7 months of the year I pay you nothing.

In return you will send me, postage prepaid, one new book each month for one year—12 new books in all. I may cancel this subscription by giving one month's advance notice, in which case you will charge me the retail price of the books I have received and refund the unused balance.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Save $1.00—If you prefer to pay all at once you can save $1.00 by sending $18.00 with this blank.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED